Miscellany Poems,

By *Mr.* DENNIS:

WITH

Select Translations

OF

HORACE.
JUVENAL,
Monſ. *BOILEAU*'s Epiſtles,
Satyrs, *&c.*
And *ÆSOP*'s FABLES,
in Burleſque Verſe.

To which is added,

The PASSION of *BYBLIS*:

WITH SOME

Critical Reflections on Mr. OLDHAM,
and his Writings.

With LETTERS and POEMS.

The Second Edition with large Additions.

LONDON, Printed for *Sam. Briſcoe* in *Covent-Garden*, MDCXCVII.

TO THE

Right Honourable, &c.

My Lord,

I *Presume to Dedicate the following Trifles to you; which, if you were one, who judg'd by the Volume, would yet have more the appearance of Trifles. Let them be what they will, they are the most valuable things that I have to offer: and the Obligations which I have to your Lordship are so extraordinary, that to endeavour to make no return, would be down right Ingratitude. Your Lordship will be inclin'd to think me bold to excess, when you hear me*

boasting of Favours receiv'd from you, tho perhaps you have never so much as heard of me. Yet, I desire leave to repeat it, the Obligations which I have to you are altogether Extraordinary. For it is owing to your Lordship that I have pass'd some moments of a melancholy Life with inexpressible pleasure. For as reading has always been my chief diversion, your Lordship's admirable Writings have been able to give me joy in spight of ill Fate. Your happy and commanding Genius never fail'd to controule my evil weaker one, and seem'd still to cry out to it, Whilst I am by, he must not be unhappy.

Nor have I only the obligation to your Lordship of your own incomparable Writings, but of most of the productions of the best Writers of our Age. 'Tis from your Generous Approbation, that they

they have deriv'd that spirit which renders their Works Immortal. For when ever a Man who is so truely great as your Lordship, shall vouchsafe to look with a favourable aspect on Poetry, it will not fail to flourish, tho all the Stars look malignantly. Ev'n I, My Lord, who am no Poet, have notwithstanding found that the desire of pleasing so accomplish'd a Judge, has more than once inspir'd me with that noble warmth, which Heaven and Nature deny'd me. When Heaven sent Mecœnas *into the World to be first Minister to the Commonwealth of* Rome *and of Learning, then arose* Virgil *and* Horace, *and the rest of those extraordinary Men, whose very single Names are grown to be entire and glorious Panegyricks. When several Ages after him, Cardinal* Richlieu *was establish'd in* France *in his double Capacity, the Muses were in-*

vited to pass the Mountains, and breath the sweetness of the Gallick Air. After Mecœnas *and Cardinal* Richlieu, *your Lordship will stand eternally recorded by Fame, as the last in succession of that Illustrious Triumvirate, and it will always stand recorded together by the same everlasting Register, That in your Lordship's time* England *had more good Poets, than it could boast from the Conquest to You before. By animating and exciting the very best of which, you will for ever oblige all those who are to receive Delight and Instruction from them. This is your goodness grown so diffusive, that its influence extends to thousands whom you never heard of.* Titus *was the Delight and Joy of mankind, but your Lordship is, and for ever will be so. You have found out a better way than either* Mecœnas *or* Richlieu, *to oblige not only the present Age, but*

ev'n

even remotest Posterity. For if we cherish Mecœnas *his Memory, tho we know that he endeavour'd at the same time to polish and enslave the World; if the Memory of* Richlieu *be dear to us, tho at the same time that he treated the Muses magnificently, he laid the cursed design of* Europe's *Captivity: with what blessings must not we mention your Lordship, when we consider that we owe at once our Delight and our Safety to you? For at the very time that you are the Delight and Joy of your Age, and Ornament of your Country, at the very time that you exalt the Honour of* England *by your own admirable Writings, and the Labours of those Excellent* Men, *whom your authentick applause inspires; at the same time by giving wholesome Counsels to our August Monarch, you become instrumental in the defence of our Liberties,*

and

and the general ſecurity of the Chriſtian World. Mecœnas *and* Richlieu *protected the Muſes, but their Protection was partly at leaſt political, and neceſſary for the gaining or ſoftning ſome unruly Spirits, who would have been elſe too turbulent for the New Yoak. But your Lordſhip's Patronage proceeds from no ſiniſter end, no unjuſt deſign on our Liberties; but purely from the greatneſs of your noble Mind, and a Godlike principle of inbred Beneficence.*

Thus, My Lord, have I been guilty of a fault which is common to all the moſt ſupportable Dedications. For I have hitherto told the Publick nothing concerning you, but what I learnt from the Publick before. There is no Man but knows that of all the Nobility your Lordſhip has been always the moſt true and moſt candid

did Friend to the Muſes. Whilſt others are imploy'd in finding their faults, it is your prerogative to pardon them, and approve their Beauties. This is what is known to every one. But every one does not know that to find faults requires but common Senſe; but to diſcern rare Beauties, requires a rare Genius. Thus if your Lordſhip will pardon ſo poetical a Similitude, when one of the glories of the fairer Sex, one who was fram'd and deſign'd by Providence to bleſs ſome Man who is greatly good, and give an earneſt of Heaven below to him; when ſuch a one is at any time ſeen amongſt us, the vulgar Spectators, thoſe Criticks in Beauty, are buſie in cenſuring ſome Mole or ſome Blemiſh, or ſome inconſiderable Irregularity, which Nature induſtriouſly perhaps contriv'd with intention to ſet off her great Maſterpiece. But when

a Man

a Man who has a Soul that in creating was form'd to be mov'd by Beauty, that is, a beautiful Soul, when he contemplates her, he gazes, admires, and loves in a Moment; then follow transporting impatient wishes to return that happiness he receives from the lovely Object. Your Lordship could never be the Muses best Friend, if you were not the Man who understood them best. If you had not heighth of Genius, and largeness of Soul to comprehend all their Excellencies: If you did not sensibly feel their elevation of thought with all its warmth, its force and its delicacy; which you could never fully discern, if you did not throughly understand their Tongues, if you had not skill to judge of its finest Grace, its Vigour, its Purity, its judicious Boldness, its comprehensive Energy, and all its glorious attractive ornaments. Your Lordship could never

ver be compleatly skill'd in those ornaments, if you had not a piercing and a delicate Eye; an Eye that can readily judge betwixt tawdry Trimming and proper, that can discern betwixt gay and curious Colours, and can distinguish vain gawdy Pageantry, from pompous richness and true Magnificence. You could never converse with the Muses so freely as to understand them fully, if you did not perfectly speak that language of the Gods, in all its Sweetness, all its Abundance, in all the power of its various Numbers, and in all its harmonious Majesty. No, My Lord, you could never be pleas'd to a height with the Writings of others, if in writing, your self you had not felt those happy Enthusiasms, those violent Emotions, those supernatural transports which exalt a mortal above mortality, give delight and admiration to all the World, but shake and ravish a Poet's Soul with insupportable pleasure.

But

But it is high time to take leave of a Subject which throws me into a heat, which is very inconſiſtent with the reſpect that is due to your Lordſhip's Character.

Otherwiſe it would be no hard matter to prove from the ſame affection which you bear to the Muſes, that your Lordſhip's Virtue ſhines as bright as your Genius.

Carmen amat quiſquis Carmine digna gerit.

But there is ſmall need of proving that Virtue which all men diſcover by its own light. Your Lordſhip's Genius ſhines but to a few, to none but thoſe happy few, who have ſome particles in their breaſts of the ſame eternal Fire. For inſpiration alone can capacitate a Mortal to behold Celeſtial Beauties.

Beauties. The Vulgar diſcern it as they do a fix'd Star, they ſee that it is; they ſee that it ſhines: but the Rays that it caſts at that infinite diſtance, can but juſt reach their benighted Souls thro the horrid gloom that ſurrounds them; and it is with pleaſing wonder that they hear the Sons of Art proclaiming its prodigious Grandeur, its amazing Glory. But all men have a clear Idea of Virtue, tho few have a juſt notion of Genius. Your Virtue, My Lord, like the Sun, is nearer to them, tho that too is at a mighty diſtance, yet not ſo remote but that at the time that it cheriſhes them, it caſts more light upon them, than their Souls can directly bear.

Who does not admire your Goodneſs, your Charity, your generous Condeſcenſion, your greatneſs of Mind, your nobleſt Friendſhip; and to crown all, your

Paſſionate

Passionate Concern for your Countries welfare? These are the qualities which have caus'd your Lordship to be belov'd universally, nay, and belov'd too with as much warmth as if you were neither much esteem'd nor respected, yet at the same time so profoundly esteem'd, and in that awfull manner respected, as if you were not belov'd. The news of your late Promotion was receiv'd with the universal acknowledgement, That your Lordship was an honour to that most noble Order, which is an honour to Kings; and we all cryed out unanimously with your own Horace,

Mecœnas equitum decus!

But I must be forc'd to stop short in this full career, lest proceeding I should please all Readers but you, whom of all Readers I would least displease.

please. Before I conclude, I think fit to acquaint your Lordship, that I omitted the prefixing your name to this bold Epistle for several reasons: the chief of which is that I might not be liable to the accusation which one of our greatest Wits has some time since brought against dedicating Authors; which is, that they paint so grosly, that it were impossible to know for whom the Dawbers design'd their Pictures, if they did not, to inform us, set their names on the Top. I appeal to all those who shall happen to read this, if before they found you nam'd, they did not conclude that what has been said all along could be addrest to no man, and justly applyed to no man, but my Lord Dorset *alone.*

I am,

My Lord,
Your Lordships
most Humble, Most Obedient,
and most faithful Servant,
JOHN DENNIS.

THE PREFACE.

THE Verses composing this little Volume, were Writ on such various Subjects, that many of them requir'd quite different Spirits, and quite oppose Characters. Some of them demanded the Enthusiastick Spirit; and all that others were capable of was a little good Sense, and an air of Gaity. The first were the most difficult to handle by much; which yet, if they should chance to be manag'd aright, would make me an ample a mends for my toil. For tho

mear Enthusiasm is but Madness, nothing can be more noble than that which is rightly regulated; and nothing can come nearer that which I fancy to be a true description of Wit; which is a just mixture of Reason and Extravagance, that is such a mixture as reason may always be sure to predominate, and make its mortal Enemy subservient to its grand design of discovering and illustrating sacred Truth. When I writ the Pindarick Ode, the high Idea that I had of the Subject and of the way of writing, made me resolve to spare for no Pains before I set Pen to Paper, that I might form a design which might have something great and Pindarical. For the skilful Reader will easily discern, that the disorder in that Ode is studied, and that the Transitions which appear so wild and so foreign, tend directly to shew what I design'd to prove, *viz.* That

the

the happiness of *England*, and the Success of the Confederacy depended on the King's Person. How I have succeeded I must leave to the Readers to judge; yet not to every Reader. For the Pindarick way, if you'l give credit to a great Master, is dangerous both to Writer and Reader. The first must have some qualities at the time of writing, which are rarely to be found together, as Precipitation and Address, Boldness and Decency, Sublimeness and Clearness, Fury and Sense; the last must have Fancy to see his flights, and Skill to judge of their Art. He who mounts the Pindarick Pegasus may be compar'd to a man a Hawking, who rides at all upon a headlong Hunter, with his Eye still fix'd on a towring Game, so that he must not only have something of Art, but of Happiness besides, to escape a Fall. Let my Fortune be what it will, my comfort is this, That *England*,

land, since Mr. *Cowley's* time, has not seen many Pindarick Odes, whose Authors have reason to boast of their kind reception.

I should now say something of the Verses upon the Sea-Fight, and one or two Copies more. But tho they have something in them that seems bold to presumption; yet they have already met with such kind entertainment in the World, that the consideration of that in some measure assures me.

But since almost a third of this little Book consists of Burlesque Compositures, and since Burlesque, at present, lies under the disadvantage of having two great Authorities against it, viz. *Boileau's*, and Mr. *Dryden's*: I think my self oblig'd not only upon that account, but upon consideration too of that wonderful pleasure which I have so often receiv'd from *Butler*, to vindicate Burlesque from the

the ſcandal that is brought upon it, by the Cenſures of two ſuch extraordinary Men.

The charge of *Boileau* is in his Art of Poetry, *Chapt pre* in theſe Lines.

Quoyque vous ecriviez, evitez la baſſeſſe
Le ſtyle, le moins noble, a pourtant ſa nobleſſe,
Au mepris du bon ſens le Burleſque effronté.
Trompa les yeux d'abord, plent par ſa noveauté,
On ne vid plus en vers que pointes triviales;
Le Parnaſſe parla le langage des Hales.

Which in *Engliſh* paraphraſtick Proſe, is thus: *Whatever you write, let a Gentleman's manner appear in it; The loweſt ſtile of the man, who knows how to write, will ſtill have a noble Air with it. But rightly to obſerve this rule, you muſt be ſure to decline Burleſque, which not long ſince in-*

ſolently appear'd in contempt of Reaſon, and pleas'd at the expence of good Senſe: it pleas'd indeed a while, but pleas'd only as it was a fantaſtick novelty: It debas'd the dignity of Verſe by its trivial Points, and taught Parnaſſus *a* Billingſgate *Dialect.*

This indeed is a violent charge, and may hold very good againſt *Scaron*, and the *French* Burleſque; but there is not one Article of it but what will fall to the Ground, if it comes to be apply'd to *Butler*. *Scaron's* Burleſque has nothing of a Gentleman in it, little of good Senſe, and conſequently little of true Wit. For tho there may be good Senſe found without Wit, there can be no true Wit, where there is no good Senſe. For a Thought that is really witty, muſt neceſſarily be true, and have ſomething in it that's Solid; So that Quibbles and all Equivocals can have little or nothing of true Wit in them. Wit is a juſt mixture of Reaſon and Extravagance,

travagance, and the Extravagance must be there, only in order to give the Reason the more lustre. Now that there is little of Reason and good Sense in *Scaron*'s Burlesque, all who are accquainted with him, very well know; Instead of it there are equivocals and trivial points in abundance, His language is so very mean that it may well be call'd *le language des Halles*. *Scaron* therefore pleas'd but a while (by his Burlesque, I mean, for his Novels will certainly please eternally) and I do not remember that he has been imitated by any one of the famous *French* Wits. It is no wonder if his manner with all these ill qualities, has been rejected by the *French* Court, and condemn'd by this judicious Poet and Critick.

But the contrary of whatever has been said of *Scaron*, is certainly true of *Butler*: There is seen much of a Gentleman in his Burlesque; There

is

is ſo much Wit and Goodſenſe to be found in him, and ſo much true obſervation on mankind, that I do not believe there is more, take Volume for Volume in any one Author we have, the *Plain-Dealer* only excepted; Beſides, there is a vivacity and purity in his Language, whereever it was fit it ſhould be pure, that could proceed from nothing but from a generous Education, and from a happy Nature. And further *Butler*'s Burleſque was certainly writ with a juſt deſign, which was to expoſe Hypocriſie. *Scaron*'s Burleſque, was writ either with no deſign, or but with a very ſcurvy one. For the only deſign that can be imagin'd of his *Virgil Traveſty*, was to ridicule Heroick Poetry, which is the nobleſt invention of human Wit. Since then, *Butler* excell'd in ſo many things in which *Scaron* is defective, we may very well conclude, That *Boilean*'s accuſation reaches not our *Engliſh*

lish Poet. Which Sir *William Soames* saw very well, when he translated this Art of Poetry, for he was so far from declaring against Burlesque, that he ventur'd, tho it was foreign from his Author, to propound *Butler* as a model to those who had a mind to write it. The late Lord *Rochester*, who was very well acquainted with *Boileau*, and who defer'd very much to his Judgment, did not at all believe that the censure of *Boileau* extended to *Butler*: For if he had, he would never have follow'd his fashion in several of his masterly Copies. Nor would a noble Wit, who is a living Honour to his Country, and the *English* Court, have condescended to write Burlesque, if he had not discern'd that there was in *Butler's* manner something extreamly fine, as well as something extreamly sensible in very many of his Thoughts.

I now

I now come to examine Mr. *Dryden's* objections to *Butler*, which I shall do with all the submission and deference that is due to the judgment of that extraordinary Man. And therefore I have reason to hope that I shall give no offence to him nor to any Man, by undertaking my own defence. For to plead the Cause of *Butler* is at present to maintain my own. For if he who is so admirable an Original, is rightly reprehended for writing in Burlesque: I who am but his follower, and can never pretend to come near his excellence, ought much more severely to be censur'd. I must confess that in Mr. *Dryden's* accusation of Burlesque, there are no such murdering Articles, as there are in that of *Boileau* against *Scarron*; For Mr. *Dryden* allows *Butler* to have shewn a great deal of good Sense in that way of writing; so that we have here gain'd one considerable

rable Point, which *Boileau* seem'd not to allow us, which is that good Sense is consistent with Burlesque. Mr. *Dryden*'s quarrel is to the numbers of *Butler*: he says that he might have chosen a better sort, affirming that he would equally have excell'd in all.

Whether he would have practised all sorts of Numbers with equal felicity, is what I have not now time to examine. But granting that, it is more than probable that he chose aright. For I would fain ask any man one question; Whether he thinks Nature had given *Butler* a Talent to treat of the adventures of *Hudibras*? For if any one grants that she had given him such a Talent, I will not stick to affirm that it could not fail to suggest to him the properest means for the carrying on his design.

Mr.

Mr. *Dryden's* objections to the Numbers of *Butler* are two, the first is to the Measure, the second to the Rhymes. The Verse of eight Syllables he says is too scanty, and there is not room enough for the Thought to turn it self with ease in it. But how vain a thing is it to argue against experience? For *Butler* has not only as many and as beautiful thoughts as most Authors, but he is as clear a Writer. Besides, Mr. *Dryden* may be pleas'd to remember that the most sensible Copy of Verses in all *Waller*, is in the measure of eight Syllables, which is that which begins,

Anger in hasty words or blows.

Mr. *Dryden* himself in his Preface to the second part of the *Sylvæ*, advises all who attempt the Pindarick way, to confine themselves chiefly to Lyrical Numbers: and Numbers which

which are truly Lyrical are seldom to be extended beyond the eight syllable. His practice too is very agreable to his precept in his incomparble Translation of *Tyrrhena Regum Progenies*. Now it is plain that in the Pindarick way the Thoughts rise, and the Soul swells more, if I may have leave to use that expression, than in any other sort of writing. Whereas in Satyr the thoughts ought to be more simple, and the expressions less magnificent. It follows from what has been said, that if the measure of eight syllables is agreeable in Pindarick Verse; it is much more agreeable to Burlesque, which is a kind of Satyr. Besides it is apparent that in Burlesque, the measure is often extended to the ninth and sometimes to the tenth syllable.

But it is high time to say something of the Rhymes. Mr. *Dryden* complains that they return too thick

upon

upon us: but then the thoughts have the quicker turns, and I never can be perſuaded that ſuccinctneſs can be a fault in writing, unleſs it be deſtructive of perſpicuity. It is objected that double and treble Rhymes are effeminate, and debaſe the dignity of Verſe below manly Satyr. But this objection will be in force too againſt *Taſſone*, whoſe manner Mr. *Dryden* ſeems to approve of: For he has writ his Satyr in double and treble Rhymes too, but with this difference from *Butler*, that *Butler* makes uſe of them but ſometimes, and *Taſſone* does it perpetually. Nay the great *Taſſo* has written his Heroick Poem in them. I ſhall find another time to ſpeak at large of the Gieruſalemme: but this I can ſay at preſent, which is remarkably to the purpoſe, That ſome parts of that Poem are ſo far from being effeminate, that they have incomparably more gravity than any

long

long winded Poem which has been writ by the Moderns, if you only except some passages of the *Paradise lost of* Milton.

Mr. *Dryden* himself in his own Satyrs has sometimes made use of double and treble Rhymes, even in Heroick Verse. And in the Character of *Zimri*, which Mr. *Dryden* prefers to any part of *Absalom* and *Achitophel*, there are two couplets in the space of eight Lines, which are writ in double Rhymes, and those two couplets are two of the very best in all that admirable Character.

There is more than one considerable advantage that we have by our Burlesque Rhymes. For first, they show the power and plenty of the English Tongue. For neither *Italian* nor *French* have a sort of Rhymes for their Burlesque, which is different from those which they have for their other kinds of Verse. Nor

have they in either of those Tongues any of those odd Rhymes, to the making up of which two or three words conspire. These Rhymes thus constituted (which is another advantage of our English Burlesque) seem to me to be as peculiarly becoming of a Jest, as a roguish Leer, or a comical tone of a Voice; and that it may plainly appear that this is no Whimsie, let the best Versifier in *England* turn these two Lines of *Butler*.

And Pulpet drum Ecclesiastick
Was beat with Fist instead of a Stick;

Let any one I say turn these two Lines into other Rhymes and other Measures, and I dare engage that the Jest shall loose considerably.

Before I take my leave of Burlesque & *Butler*, I think fit to say something of the latter, which has not so direct a refe-

rence

rence to his way of writing (tho that too is indirectly commended by it) as to the incomparable genius of the Man. It is this that if any one would set the Common places of *Tassone* and *Boileau's Lutrin* against those of *Butler*, it would appear for the Honour of *England*, that neither the *French* man nor *Italian* could stand before us. The most diverting thing in all the *Lutrin* is the Battle at *Barbin's* Shop. *Chant.* 5. Yet that, if it is compar'd with the Battle in the second Canto of the first part of *Hudibras*, tho it is so diverting when we read it alone, will appear to be perfectly insipid.

Before I conclude I have two things to say farther. The one is, that the Verses to *Flavia* were writ by a Friend of mine and only Corrected by me, and it is by my friends leave that they are here inserted. The other thing is this, that tho I may expect to have this little Book severely

verely examined, because I have attack'd several great men, who are all of them many degrees above me, yet I shall not at all repent of any thing I have writ by way of Criticism, if I do but in any measure obtain what I design'd by it, which was nothing but to advance Polite Learning amongst us. Not that I believe my self capable of performing it, but I thought that the consideration of my impotency might excite some generous spirits whom Nature and Education have capacitated for so noble a work. There is no man should be more glad to see it carried on than my self. I love my Country very well, and therefore should be ravished to see that we out did the *French* in Arts, at the same time that we contend for Empire with them. For Arts and Empire in Civiliz'd Nations have generally flourish'd together.

MISCEL-

Advertisement.

THE *Impartial Critick*, or some Observations on Mr. *Rymer*'s late Book Entituled *A Short View of Tragedy*, by Mr. *Dennis*.

ERRATA.

PAGE 46. In this Verse, *like wine delicious, poyson they disperse*, the comma is to be omitted after *delicious*: and likewise after *fumes* in the next verse. p. 61. for *within me*, r. *within me*. p. 63. for *grated* r. *granted*. p. 65. for *them abundant*. r. *their abundant*. p 76. for *the Dog*. r. *a Dog*. p. 70. for *Renard Jaws* r. *Renards Jaws*. p. 71. for may please. r. *may't please*. p. 98. r. the couplet that begins *provok'd and* thus,

Provok'd and push'd to'b by an itching lust,
To show how sensible we are and just.

p. 116. for *these* r. *those*. p. 130. for *there appear'd something* r. *there appears something*.

In the Dedication and Preface.

PAge 8. l. 18. for *Tongues* r. *Tongue*. p. 10. l. 19. for *shines but to a few* r. *shines in its full light but to a few*. Preface, p. 3. l. 6. for *oppose* r. *opposite* p. 5. l. 19. for *Hunter* r. *Steed*.

THE PASSION OF BYBLIS,

Made *English.*

From *Ovid Metam. Lib.* 9.

With ſome Critical Reflections on Mr. *Oldham*, by Mr. *Dennis.*

The Second Edition.

LONDON,

Printed for *Sam. Briſcoe*, in *Covent-Garden*, MDCXCVII.

THE

PREFACE.

THE Passion of Byblis *seems to be, in the Original, not only of* Ovid's *most masterly pieces, but a Passion in some places the most happily touch'd of any that I have seen amongst the Ancients or Moderns. The Sentiments are so tender and yet so delicate, the Expressions so fit and withal so easie, with that facility which is proper to express Love, and peculiar to this charming Poet; the turns of Passion are so surprizing and yet so natural,*

and there ſeems to be ſomething in the very ſound of the Verſe ſo ſoft and ſo pathetick, that a man who reads the Original, muſt have no ſenſe of theſe Matters if he is not tranſported with it.

When I was deſired to make it Engliſh, *I read over the Original to ſome men of ſenſe, to ſee whether they would be touch'd with the ſame paſſages with which I had been mov'd ſo much. And when I ſaw that I was not miſtaken, I reſolv'd to imitate them in our native Tongue, with as much addreſs as I could.*

Not that I am of the opinion that I have done juſtice to the admirable Original; but then you muſt give me leave to do ſome to my ſelf;

and

and as I would not have my faults imputed to Ovid, *so, since I have so many of my own to account for, I do not desire to stand charg'd with his, which as his Translator I was oblig'd to copy.*

I will chiefly take notice of two, the one general, and the other particular. The general one is the Inconsistency that appears in the Character of Byblis. *For she, who in some places of her Passion appears so reluctant, seems too abandon'd in others; which are two or three Passages of her Letter (for from the beginning of the Story to the Letter, every thing seems to me to be just enough) in which she says some things that are by no means consistent with that Mode-*

ſty, which ſhe ought to have, as a Lady, a Virgin, and a Woman of Honour. I know very well that a Woman of Honour, when once ſhe is ſeiz'd by a great Paſſion, has more violent deſires than the moſt abandon'd Woman can have. For abandon'd Women are conſequently weak, and it is a true Obſervation, that weak People, tho they are ſubject to Paſſions at every turn, yet are they never throughly agitated by them. But this is moſt certain, that a Woman of Honour can never break out into immodeſt Expreſſions, let her Paſſion be never ſo violent. For Immodeſty in Expreſſion muſt ſhow her profligate to the very laſt degree, and muſt be utterly inconſiſtent with any meaſure of Ho-

nour.

nour. Now Byblis, *who shows in some places so much of Honour, by such sharp remorse, and such furious reluctancy, ought certainly to have contented her self with a bare Confession of her Passion; and not to have behav'd her self as if she thought her Brother so very young, that he was to be instructed how to proceed in the Cure of it.*

It may be said perhaps that the relation of the Dream, which precedes the Letter is the most immodest thing in the Story. I will easily grant it, and that that relation is in the original the most alluring description that can be imagin'd, and almost equally transporting with what it describes. But it must then be consider'd

that

that what Byblis *says there, she only speaks to herself, which amounts to no more than if she but barely thought it. And there is nothing certainly in that Reflection on her Dream, but what is extremely natural.*

The second Fault in this Passion of Byblis, *is in the passage that immediately follows the return of the Messenger. For that which ought to be the most moving, is the coldest part of the Story. I speak of the first thirteen Lines of the* Latin (*for all that follows seems to be sufficiently warm*) *where* Byblis, *who can scarce speak for the Violence of her Grief, is yet for speaking in Allegory; which is nothing but an imperfect kind of Similitude.*

Now

Now Simile in this place could not be moving, because it could not be natural; it being by no means the Language of great grief. For to be in a capacity to make a good similitude, the mind must have several qualifications, and two more particularly; which are utterly inconsistent with that Passion. First, The soul must be susceptible of a great many Idea's, and the Imagination capacious of a great many Images. For the Fancy must run thro', and compare a great many Objects, before it can start a hint from them, which may carry with it that appearance of likeness, which may afterward by the Judgment be improved to an exact resemblance (not but that

I know very well, that the Soul on those occasions acts with that prodigious Celerity, that it is its self insensible of the degrees of its own motion.) Now it is the Nature of Grief to confine the Soul, and straiten the Imagination, and extremely to lessen the number of tqeir Objects. And indeed if the Passion is very violent, a man is incessantly thinking of the cause of it. For example, the unfortunate Lover has eternally before his Eyes the Image of his Cruel Fair-one: He thinks Day and Night of her alone, he contemplates nothing but her; and if he complains of her, 'tis only after that simple unaffected way, by which Nature teaches man to discharge his Soul of sorrow. And it is for this ve-

ry

ry reason that the greater part of Mr. Cowley's *amorous Verses, are universally exploded by men of sence, at the same time that they confess, that several of his Miscellaneous Writings, his Pindaric Odes, aud his Divine Hymn to Light, will justly deserve the Admiration of our latest Posterity. For in most of those amorous Verses, there appears thro' the disguise of an affected Passion, a gaiety of Heart, a wantonness of Wit, and a Soul that's at liberty to roam about the Universe, and return home laden with rich, but far fetch'd Conceits. As merry in this respect as the Madrigals of our amorous Rakehells; who languish in Simile, whilst they thrive in Carkass; and who eat-*

ing

ing their Half-Crowns every day thrice, decay and dye by Metaphor. In ſhort, no ſort of imagery ever can be the Language of Grief. If a Man complains in Simile, I either laugh or ſleep. For this is plain, that if a man's affliction will ſuffer him to divert his mind by one Simile, he may as well do it by twenty, and ſo on to the end of the Chapter. If ſuch a man therefore is miſerable, it is becauſe he is reſolved he will be ſo. Now a man muſt have an extraordinary ſtock of good Nature, who can pity a Blockhead, who is a wretch by choice.

But ſecondly, For the mind to be capable of making Similitudes, it is neceſſary it ſhould be ſerene (unleſs it be tranſported with that noble Enthu-

ſiaſm,

ſiaſm, which delights, illuminates, and exalts the ſoul, at the very ſame time it diſturbs it.) For without ſerenity a man can never have penetration enough to diſcern the Nature of things, which penetration is abſolutely neceſſary for the making a juſt Similitude: and it is upon this very account that Ariſtotle *ſays in his Rhetorick, that to be happy in making ſimilitudes, it is abſolutely neceſſary to be a man of good ſence.*

Some of my Friends, to whom I have recited in Converſation, the ſubſtance of what I have here repeated in Writing, have adviſed me to leave out this unſeaſonable ſimilitude, eſpecially ſince I have made ſo bold with Ovid; *as to inſert here and*

there

there a Thought of my own. For it is my Lord Roſcommon's *opinion, that it is much ſafer to leave out than add. Tho' no man pays more deference to his Judgment than I do, I cannot be of his mind in this. For tho' I am not ignorant that a ſcurvy preſent, is but a more civil Affront; I cannot but believe it to be leſs injurious than a Robbery. And if any man ſhould be caught,* ipſo facto, *ſtripping another upon the Road, it would be but an impudent excuſe in him, to alledge that the Cloaths but ill became their Owner. All that I could do here, was by giving this paſſage another turn, to make that appear in the Copy to be ſpoken in a ſhort, but downright Fury, whoſe fault*

it

it was in the Original to ſeem to be ſpoken with too much Conſiderateneſs, and too much Coolneſs of Temper.

The Author of the Satyrs upon the Jeſuits, who has tranſlated this Paſſion of Byblis, *has not meddled with the Cataſtrophe.* Now *the Cataſtrophe was abſolutely neceſſary, that the Story at ending might make a deeper impreſſion: I have therefore contracted it in the laſt five Lines, but at the ſame time I have alter'd it. For to make it moving it was neceſſary to make it credible.*

The Transformation of Byblis *might do very well in the time of* Augustus Cæsar. *For at that time those Transformations were a part of the* Roman *Religion, and the Poets may be said to be the secular Priests, who transmitted its Mysteries to the People. But those transubstantiating Doctrines, which were taught in those times by that Harmonious Clergy of the credulous Church of Old* Rome, *would look as absurdly to us as the Chimerical Metamorphosis, which is pretended to be acted at the very time it is sung in our modern* Roman *Churches.*

I must beg Pardon for the Liberty which I have taken in the numbers, which is so great that it may well be entitled License. But then the Reader will have the greater Variety, and if those Numbers are not harmonious, it is not for want of care about them: I have particularly taken care to be exact in the Rhimes, in which the former Translators of this passage have been very defective. I am not so miserably mistaken, as to think rhiming essential to our English *Poetry. I am far better acquainted with* Milton, *than that comes to. Who without the assistance of Rhime, is one of the most sublime of our* English *Po-*

ets. Nay, *there is ſomething ſo tranſcendently ſublime in his firſt, ſecond, and ſixth Books, that were the Language as pure as the Images are vaſt and daring, I do not believe it could be equall'd, no, not in all Antiquity. But tho' I know that Rhiming is not abſolutely neceſſary to our Verſification, yet I am for having a Man do throughly what he has once pretended to do. Writing in blank Verſe looks like a contempt of Rhime, and a generous diſdain of a barbarous Cuſtom; but Writing in ſuch Rhimes as a Boy may laugh at, at* Crambo, *looks*

at

at the best like a fruitless Attempt, and an impotent Affectation.

My Lord Roscommon *who writ in blank Verse with so much Success, yet was nicely exact in Rhiming, whenever he pretended to rhime. And in the very Essay upon translated Verse in which he exclaims against Rhime, I defie any Man to show me half a dozen couplets which do not rhime exactly.*

In short, if rhiming is ever necessary in so strong and masculine a Language as ours, it must be on these tender occasions. For tho' I have heard several maintain, that a thing may be expressed as nobly

and vigorously in blank Verse, as in Rhime; I never yet heard any one pretend that it might be expressed as softly. But granting it could, it is yet very certain, that a thing must be much more tender in perfect Rhimes, than imperfect. For where the Reader expects a Rhime, there jarring sounds must render that harsh, which agreeing sounds would render easie. But then it is necessary that the Rhimes should be unconstrained, and no word us'd upon their account in the place where it is not proper.

But

But since I have mention'd Mr. Oldham's *performance, in this Translation, I think fit to add farther, that I have been told by some, that a great many will never forgive me the attempting it after him. I desire them to consider, that the same Mr.* Oldham *undertook* Horace's *Art of Poetry after my Lord* Roscommon. *Now my Lord* Roscommon *was Politeness it self. Never man thought more clearly, more truly, more justly than he did; never man express'd himself more fitly and more becomingly. In every thing that he writ, his Language*

was as perfect as his Conceptions were often ſublime. On every thing that came from him, he has ſtamp'd the Character not only of an exalted Wit, but of a Man of a high Condition, and of a courtly Mind.

If I ſhould affirm that Mr. Oldham *had by no means all the good Qualities which are conſpicuous in my Lord* Roſcommon, *who is there that muſt not aſſent to it? If then I am guilty of preſumption in attempting what Mr.* Oldham *undertook before me, I hope I may be excuſed by his*

own

own Example. But if ſome People yet can reſolve to be angry, I muſt beg them to conſider for what. Is is becauſe I have a deſire to pleaſe them? That methinks is unnatural. Tho' I ſhould own, I have an Ambition to give them more Delight than the fore-mentioned Gentleman has done before me, I cannot ſee any thing in ſuch a Confeſſion which can reaſonably diſoblige them. Such an acknowledgment ought rather to gain me their Favor, or at leaſt to conquer their prejudice, eſpecially ſince 'tis the Intereſt of every Reader to be as candid as the Caſe will let him be. 'Tis

true,

true, a man of ſence can never be ſatisfy'd with a ſilly thing. But a peeviſh, unreaſonable Caviller, will never be ſatisfy'd with any thing. Little conſidering that by a falſe delicacy he makes himſelf paſs thoſe moments ſcurvily, which another, perhaps, has done his part to make him paſs agreeably.

Beſides, if I ſhould ſucceed here, even beyond my wiſh, I ſhould be very far upon that ſcore, from arrogating Preheminence over any man. The following Tranſlation is a Trifle, and can never

ver be conclusive of any such thing. To succeed in it, required neither Force nor Genius, but only a Tenderness of Soul (which Mr. Oldham's *Masculine Temper disdain'd) and an extraordinary propensity to that Humane Frailty, Compassion; and a certain Felicity which usually accompanies the Dictates of the softer Passions. To conclude, I leave it to any one to consider whether a Satyrist, as Mr.* Oldham *was, at the very time that, inspir'd by a generous Rage, he had assum'd a resolution of exposing the Follies, and lashing the Vices of the Age,*

could

could be fitly dispos'd to excite Compassion; by setting before our Eyes an unfortunate Lady, whose Love was at once her Folly and her Crime.

THE

THE
Passion of BYBLIS.

BRight Nymphs, the Objects of Mankind's Desires,
From *Byblis* learn t' avoid incestuous Fires:
She *Caunus* lov'd, with tenderness above
The cold endearments of a Sister's Love.
At first she knew it not, unhappy Maid!
To impious Flames by Piety betraid.
She frequently would kiss the beauteous Boy,
And thought her Duty what she found her Joy.
Her Love for Duty she mistook with ease,
Yet was surpriz'd that Duty thus should please.
Her twining Arms his lovely Neck would clasp,
Fierce was each Kiss, and furious ev'ry Grasp,
Insensibly her Passion gathers force,
And has to Female Stratagems recourse.
About to visit *Caunus*, ere She goes,
Her skilful Maids her wanton Dress compose;
And all the Ornaments of Art prepare
To set forth all that Heav'n has giv'n the Fair,
Ten thousand *Cupids* in her Eyes, and Graces in her Air.
Then in her Glass sh'explores what pow'r there lyes,
In a Majestic easie Meen, and lovely glancing Eyes;
Practices Smiles, such by which Souls are caught,
Great, God-like Spirits to dependance brought,
The Magic by the great Enchantress Nature taught.

She

She envies ev'ry Face that's form'd to pleaſe,
And wonders why, not knowing her Diſeaſe.
So Men in Hecticks, waſting for their Urn,
Hourly conſume, yet feel not that they burn.
Pent in her inmoſt Breaſt the raging Fire,
Had not as yet flam'd up to high deſire;
Her Brother, now her Lord, her Dear ſhe names,
And Kindred, Love thus tenderly diſclaims,
Her Paſſion now ſhe doubts, yet does controul,
No guilty thought yet ſtain'd her waking Soul,
On it, with Night, the black pollution ſtole.
A pleaſing Dream t'her ſide her Brother brings,
With panting Breaſts ſhe murmuring to him clings.
Strait in her Face offended Nature flies,
And Bluſhes dawn around her darkned Eyes,
She wakes, but huſh'd and rapt in fearful wonder lies.
Her Dream at once can charm her and torment,
The aery Omen boads ſome dire Event.
A long time mute ſhe all her Soul ſurveys,
And then its grief in theſe wild words diſplays.
What means the Viſion of the guilty Night?
Ah Wretch! What Horror! mix'd with what delight!
Why did that lovely ſhape break in upon thy ſight?
'Tis true, ev'n Envy no defect can find,
Or in the Beauties of his Face, or Graces of his mind
Ev'n Envy can contented on him gaze,
By liking ſullenly it ſelf amaze,
And learn to ſpeak a foreign Lauguage, Praiſe.
The Gods have made him fit to be deſir'd,
Have made him by themſelves to be admir'd.
But oh! a Brother's once endearing name
Is now the Foe that's fatal to my Flame.
Yet whilſt awake I can continue chaſte,
May ev'ry golden Dream be like the laſt.
For what vain Fop the ſport of ſuch a Bed
Can idly blab? or what dull Libel ſpread?

Honour's

Honour's secure, whilst Pleasure I pursue,
And this false bliss is surely worth the true.
Bright Queen of Love, and wing'd delicious Boy,
Soft, sweet, and swift, as was my flitting Joy;
Into what Heav'n of Rapture was I caught!
Too powerful joys for words, too vast for thought!
By dying Sighs, and broken Murmurs, best
When absent mourn'd, and when enjoy'd exprest.
The Vision did such quick delight dispense,
I sometimes doubt if fancy were not sense.
I felt, perfectly felt, what I adore,
The God-like touch gave bliss unknown before.
Th' immortal Pleasure ran thro' all my Frame,
Tho' all my Bones, and inmost Marrow came,
That melted and ran pouring down before th' im-
[petuous Flame.
For ever shall the charming Memory last
Of Transports, which, alas! *too* quickly past!
For the Malignant Goddess of the Night,
Envying my Bliss, urg'd on her Head-long Flight.
O! could we but dissolve great Nature's tye,
How well we link'd in stricter Bonds might lye?
Who could be fitlier pair'd than thou and I?
As thou no Maid can'st e'er transport like me,
Who such high Happiness can give to thee?
Ah *Caunus*! that we ev'ry Night like this
Might lye entranc'd in vast exstacic Bliss!
Curs'd be the time when my great Father did
The Deed for me, which I'm with thee forbid;
Would I had been (deriv'd from some poor Swain)
But the most lovesome she upon the Plain:
What Nature must deny me now, the God might
[then obtain.
Ah! who must ravish'd in thy Embraces be?
Exalted above Goddesses is she,
Fairest of Men! who must b'embrac'd by thee.

I never can that full content enjoy,
Thou, Brother! Thou! too dear, too charming Boy!
By being thus far mine, dost all my Hopes destroy.
But what import, or what are then my Dreams,
The fond Results of Hypochondriack Streams?
Or do they as divinely inspir'd presage?
The Gods forbid! The Gods repel this Rage!
The Gods this Fever of my Soul assuage!
Yet *Saturn* of his Sister made his Bride,
And in incestuous Fires the Thunderer fry'd.
But Gods have high Prerogatives, and they
Who rule the World with Arbitrary Sway
Are unconfin'd by Laws which we obey.
Laws by those happy Beings are disdain'd,
Who would b'imperfect if like us restrain'd.
Then from thy Breast expel these impious Fires,
Tho', with thy Love's, Life's genial Flame expires.
Yes: If all other Methods fail, I'll dye,
Caunus will kiss me as I panting lye,
To his sweet Lips, as to its Heav'n, my parting Soul
[will fly.
Yet say thou should'st indulge thy wild Desire,
T' accomplish it does his Consent require.
What you thus wish, and your chief good esteem,
To him may black and execrable seem.
Yet formerly, to quench a Sisters Flame,
Macareus Conscience did contemn, and Fame.
Ah Wretch! hast thou resolv'd upon the Deed!
Whence can these Thoughts? these curs'd Remarks
[proceed?
Oh, whither am I driv'n! O whither tost!
How in tempestuous Thought my Reason's lost?
Hence ye obscene Flames, ye Furies hence, go dwell
In your own native Soil, profoundest Hell.
Love the sweet Youth, but love without a Fault,
And love him as the kindest Sister ought.

But

But yet did he thus rave for *Byblis*, I
Could ne'er resolve to see my *Caunus* dye.
I should Compassion have of him ; I sure
Should him, by humouring his Frenzy, cure.
Well ! if thou should'st that easie Creature be,
Can'st thou abandon'd be to that degree,
As to speak first ? Can'st thou for Favour sue ?
Thou art a Virgin, great, and modest too.
Ah ! we are modest, but because we're frail,
O'er whom does not Almighty Love prevail ?

But yet th'expedient which I mean to try,
Shall both with Bashfulness and Love comply.
A Letter shall my troubled thoughts convey,
And by its black Contents my secret Fires betray.

This Resolution fix'd her doubtful Mind,
Then, on her Arm, her lovely Head reclin'd.
Yes, he shall know what torturing pains I feel,
I can no more my desperate case conceal,
Such Frenzy soon would its own cause reveal.
O what infernal flame ! What fury's this !
Gods ! from what height I plunge, to what abyss !
Eternally farewell, O Honour, Vertue, Bliss !
Then with sad Looks and trembling Hand sh' indites,
Begins and doubts, nay damns what scarce she writes.
Yet to what now she blames, she strait returns ;
With Rapture now sh'invents, what now she burns.
Then what this moment to the Flames she dooms,
The next she with a whirl of thought resumes.
Incessantly she turns her fev'rish mind,
Too discompos'd ev'n her own will to find.

Your Sister, *(Caunus !)* thus at first she wrote,
Ah no ! his Lover ! Sister thus I blot.

Your Lover ſends that health ſhe wants, for I
Unleſs you give me health, muſt ſurely dye.
As for my Name, O let it not be told,
Till promis'd happineſs makes *Byblis* bold!
'Tis ſhe who for you hourly waſtes away,
Heeding you might have ſeen this ev'ry day.
Love ev'ry day ſtill languiſh'd in my look,
Which colour, health, and ſprightly joy forſook.
How often, when no cauſe of Grief was known,
Have I ſome inward, deep diſturbance ſhown?
How oft did Tears ſteal from my mournful Eyes,
And in my Breaſts convulſive heaving riſe?
Then on a ſudden ſadneſs turn'd to rage,
And my wild arms did your ſoft limbs engage.
As the luxuriant tendrils of the Vine
Around the Elm with wanton windings twine,
My ſpringing arms flew round and lock'd in thine.
And when thy Lips to mine they fiercely brought,
My burning Lips at thine for moiſture ſought.
No Siſters faint ſalute! no taſteleſs Kiſs!
But piercing like a Dove's, and murmuring at its bliſs.
But yet tho' deep, ah deep! the flaming Dart,
Piercing my burning breaſt, transfix'd my heart,
Alarm'd, like wretches by nocturnal Fire,
And trembling at the terrible deſire,
Long time I ſtrove its fury to aſſwage,
And long time ſtruggling Vertue ſtopt its rage.
This Truth, O all ye chaſter Powers atteſt!
Ye ſaw the fearful conflict in my Breaſt,
When Honour, Piety, Remorſe and Shame,
My very Vitals tore t' expel my flame.
In miſery grown obſtinate, I bore
What never tender Virgin did before.
When what I ſuffer'd other Maids but hear,
'Twill wound their gentle hearts, and force a tear.
Retreating, long I fought th' unequal field,
But now I turn to conquering Love, and yield.

I here my ſelf his Slave and yours confeſs,
And cry for Mercy in extream diſtreſs;
But you alone can my ſad ſtate redreſs.
Her Life who loves you hangs upon your breath,
And upon that, alas! depends her Death.
I love to that degree, that neither Gods nor Fate,
If you pronounce my Doom, have pow'r t'extend
[my date.
My Life or Death determine by your Voice,
Can you deliberate in ſuch a choice?
Can you be proof againſt ſuch Words as theſe!
Theſe from the perſon whom you hate might pleaſe.
Me Nature has begun to make your Friend,
What Nature has begun a God muſt end.
Unſatisfy'd, unbleſt by Nature's tye,
All Night I languiſh, and all Day I dye,
Till riveted by Love to your dear Breaſt I lye.
Let Dotards Slaves to muſty Morals be,
Auſterities and Impotence agree.
But in us two hot Youth and fierce Deſire
To ſublime Raptures furiouſly aſpire,
And into right and wrong want leiſure to enquire.
Thus young we yet may Innocence pretend,
Or grant we know we Nature's bounds tranſcend
By great Examples of our Gods we glorioufly offend.
All Letts t' Enjoyment are remov'd by Fate,
Unleſs it be (forbid it Heav'n!) thy Hate.
No rigorous Parents interpoſe to break
The Aſſignations we may hourly make:
Our frequent Meetings need no ſcandal fear,
For intimacy's honourable here.
What Spy can our delicious Thefts detect?
Who can diſcloſe what none can e'er ſuſpect?
Should ſome bold Cenſurer our Conduct blame,
A Brother's and a Siſter's awful name,
Would anſw'ring ſtop the ſawcy mouths of Fame.

We in publick kiſs, embrace, and whiſp'ring walk,
And hand in hand ſoft melting things we talk.
When two like us in cloſe embraces kiſs,
Does there not ſomething uſe to follow this?
Upon that ſomething (ah how very ſmall!)
Depends my Happineſs, my Life, my All.

Pity a wretch, who thus much dares expreſs,
Who wrack'd by mortal pangs, dares Love confeſs:
Which, whilſt they all my nobler powers controul,
Tear forth the ſecret of my tortur'd Soul.
If Nature's Law ſeems broke whilſt this you read,
Think that for Happineſs, for life I plead,
Here Nature's ſelf her Law muſt ſuperſede.
You ſurely kill me if unkind you prove,
O barbarous return of boundleſs Love!
Think how upon my Sepulchre 'twill ſound,
How ev'ry Heart thro' ev'ry Ear 'twill wound;
Here *Byblis* lyes, a tender, wretched Maid,
By *Caunus* for her Love with Death repaid.

Thus all on fire her working Mind indites,
Till ev'ry Page and Margents full, ſhe writes.
Then ſhe her Crime folds up, and ſhrowds from Sight,
And ſealing, ſhuts the monſtrous Birth from Light.
Now ſhe an old Domeſtic calls by Name,
With accents more than half ſuppreſt by Shame.
Thou art my very faithful Servant ſtill,
With ſecreſie and ſpeed perform my Will.
Of this important Letter, here, take care,
On it my Life and Fame depend, go bear——
Here grief and conſcious ſhame her accents ſmother,
Then after a long ſad pauſe——
Go, bear it to, ſaid ſhe, Ah Gods!—— my Brother.

Now

Now as she from the fatal Writing parts,
It falls; she trembling at the Omen, starts:
Yet fondly to destruction on she goes.
Her trusty Slave a fit conjuncture chose;
To *Caunus* his Apartment he repairs,
And to the noble Youth the dreadful Secret bears.

Rage, horror, wonder, seiz'd him at the view,
From him the Letter furiously he threw.
Storming, his Hand upon his Sword he lays,
And to the trembling Messenger he says:
Flagitious Pander to incestuous Fires!
Slave! thou should'st dye, as thy bold crime requires,
Did not the honour of my house and name
Tell me, thy blood, if spilt, would spread our shame.
But quickly from my just resentment fly,
Or that shall yet prevail, and thou shalt dye.
This to the Slave, with a stern brow he said;
He pale at instant death, and shudd'ring, fled,
And with the mortal News struck dying *Byblis* dead.

An Icy damp, cold as the dart of Death,
Thrill'd thro' her throbbing breast and stopp'd her [breath.
Life's flames o'er-pow'r'd in ev'ry other part,
But still Love's fire maintains it at her heart.

As soon as her returning Spirits gave
Just strength to mourn, and sence enough to rave,
With hollow voice the trembling Air she wounds,
And softly sighs out these afflicting sounds.

Repell'd! disdain'd! nay, loath'd! could worse befal?
Thy Conduct and thy Crime deserve it all.
For why hast thou, O wretch, to madness bold!
Thus rashly thy prodigious Secret told?

What Fool would Happiness, Life, Fame commit
To a fond Letter in confusion writ?
Thou should'st in doubtful terms have first addrest,
Th' uncertain depth have sounded of his Breast.
Fool! thus presumptuously to leave the Shore,
And not the Winds, nor the new Seas explore.
Those Winds now roar, and the mad Seas run high,
And all things round look hideous to my Eye,
A raging Main, and black tempestuous Sky!
To Death I thro' surrounding Horrors go,
Now, now the Billows on the Rocks the bounding
[Vessel throw!
And yet by Omens certain and divine,
Thou wer't forbid to urge thy dire design.
In the pronouncing how the Message hung,
Foreboding Ruine on thy fault'ring Tongue!
Thy Genius whisper'd thee within, beware!
And from without some God cry'd out, forbear!
Thy Letter by immortal impulse fell,
As thou deliverd'st it (thou saw'st it well)
The Paper, mov'd by some eternal mind,
Th' accursed Errant by its flight declin'd:
O had thy Hope together fled! but Fate thy Doom
[design'd.
Thy purpose else, by Portents thus deterr'd,
Thou hadst giv n oe'r: giv'n o'er? ah no! deferr'd.
Who knows? upon some happier day perhaps thou
[hadst been heard.

Why would'st thou this uncertain Method take,
When Life, and Soul, and All thus lay at stake?
He from thy Lines not half thy sense could know,
Thy Eyes thy Love in all its Fury show.
H'had seen them with such piercing glances rowl,
As might have shaken a Barbarian's Soul.

H'had

H'had heard the tender'ſt things, and in a tone,
That's fit t'expreſs a dying Lovers moan.
Round his reluctant Neck my Arms I'd flung,
And to his Breaſt with ſtrange Convulſions clung.
Then proſtrate at his Feet h'had ſeen me lying,
There groaning, trembling, fainting, ſwooning, dying.
If one of theſe to move his Heart has fail'd,
His barbarous Heart, they all had ſure prevail'd.

Perhaps thy Servant caus'd thy ill ſucceſs,
By haſty management without addreſs.
He might abſurdly chuſe ſome buſie hour,
Too rude and harſh for Love's ſoft tender pow'r.
Therefore he fail'd the noble Youth to move,
Can one who has thoſe Eyes inexorable prove?
His Breaſts of no impenetrable mold,
No Adamantine Bars his Heart infold.
He did not from a Tygreſs ſpring, no he
Sprung from the ſame ſoft yielding Nymph with me.
Come, he muſt yet be mine, I'll try once more,
Once more? a thouſand times, I'll ne'er give o'er.

True, I could wiſh, if Actions once begun,
By empty wiſhes were to be undone.
Then could I wiſh, I never had indulg'd
This luckleſs Love, at leaſt had ne'er divulg'd.
But ſince what's paſt ev'n Fate can ne'er recall,
I now muſt through, whate'r Extreams befall.
He'll think if I thus lightly could diſclaim,
I lightly entertain'd th' inceſtuous Flame,
Perhaps he may ſuſpect ſome cloſe deſign,
His Int'reſt with his Fame to undermine.
That ſpecious baits were for his Virtue laid,
To be to public Infamy betray'd.
He'll fancy this ſome common, baſe deſire,
Whereas the God, the God, theſe Ravings does inſpire.

His

His wrathful breath incenses thus my Blood,
Drives on the liquid Fire, and rowls the stormy Flood.

Shouldst thou desist? the horrid Crime's conceiv'd,
And Innocence can never, never be retriev'd.
Thy Guilt has reach'd a very dreadful height,
What? so much Guilt? and for it no Delight?
Advancing, little can thy Guilt inhaunce,
And to the vast Delight of Gods it *Byblis* may advance.

Thus as some ease upon her Bed she sought,
Her lab'ring Fancy to Distraction wrought,
Tossing, she fluctuates in tempestuous thought.
Her sickly Mind oppos'd Designs revolves,
What it repents of to repeat resolves.
Her Brother obstinately she pursues,
Often repuls'd, she oft th' Assault renews.
Her Flame, that found these stops, more fiercely burn'd,
But at the last to meer Distraction turn'd.

Poor, haplesS Beauty! once thy conqu'ring Eyes
Could boast the noblest *Carian* Hearts their Prize,
Mow mad she lies in solitude, on *Caunus* raves and [dyes.

Annota-

Reflections and Annotations on Mr. Oldham.

P. 5. WOuld I had been (deriv'd from some [poor Swain,) *&c.*

The Latin *is*, Tu me vellem generosior esses.
Mr. Oldham *render it thus.*
Would thou wert noble, I more meanly born,
He makes her give this Reason for her Wish, vid.
Then guiltless I'd despair'd, and suffer'd Scorn.

Whereas the reason that I make her give is just opposite to it, vid. *Then I might guiltless have enjoyed my* Caunus. Ovid *expresses no reason, but implies one; for there is something Pindarical in the sense of this passage, and the Connexion is left to be made by the Reader, as we shall find anon. In the mean while let us see, whither Mr.* Oldham's *reason or mine is that of* Ovid. *To discover which let us consider, which is most agreeable to good sense, and the nature of her Passion, and most suitable to the Design of the Poet. It does not seem to me to be consistent with good sense, to make* Byblis, *who so vehemently desir'd to enjoy her Brother, and who at the same time saw the impossibility of it, and felt the Plague of Despair, wish that she had been of a more obscure Descent, rather than that of her Brother's illustrious Stock; only that with the same vehement desire she might have the same Despair. Nor does this seem to be consistent with the Nature of Love. For they who are throughly seiz'd with that Passion, place all their Felicity in the beloved Object, and even in Despair most ardently desire Possession. And such can no more wish to be in a Condition of Life, that might render them incapable of enjoying what they love, than any Man or Woman can truly wish to be miserable. It had been therefore*

more

more consonant to good sense, and the Nature of her Passion, to make her speak thus. Had my Birth been more lowly*, and I had been tormented with the same desire, though there had been an improbability of satisfying; yet considering what a Leveller Love is, there had not been then, as there is now, an absolute impossibility of innocently enjoying my *Caunus*. *To discover if this be not* Ovid's *sense, I think fit with this passage to cite what immediately precedes and follows.*

O ego, si liceat mutato nomine jungi,
Quam bene, *Caune*, tuo poteram nurus esse Parenti!
Quam bene, *Caune*, meo poteras gener esse Parenti!
Omnia Dii facerent essent communia nobis
Præter avos, tu me vellem generosier esses,
Nescio quam facies igitur pulcherrime matrem!

That is to say, Could we but dissolve the bonds of Nature, how well we might be join'd in stricter! I wish that having every thing else in common, we had at least a different Lineage; would I had been inferior to *Caunus*, rather than thus have been equal to him. But alas! this is but a vain wish, and therefore another must be the happy she who must possess all that I languish for. *I believe this will be allow'd to be a just explication of* Ovid's *sense. For the last verse by the word* igitur *must necessarily be an inference, from something expressed or implied in the last but one. Now that which is implied can be nothing but this.* If you had been of a different Parentage, thô you had been more nobly descended, yet there had then been a possibility (such is the force of Love) of my being blest in innocently possessing you; which possibility now is destroyed by Relation. Therefore another, *&c. Besides, if we do but consider, that every thing that precedes and follows* Byblis's *wish, that her Brother had been more nobly descended, appears*

pears plainly to be ſpoke out of a furious deſire of enjoying him; we need make no doubt but that very wiſh too proceeds from the ſame deſire.

P. 7. To his ſweet Lips as to its Heaven, *&c.*

This is not the Thought of Ovid. *Mr.* Sands *has touch'd upon it, but very faintly. Mr.* Oldham *has kept wide of it. But becauſe no thought that can ever be ſubſtituted, can make amends for that of the Original, I think my ſelf obliged to do* Ovid *that Juſtice as to inſert it here. The* Latin *is thus then.*

Aut noſtro vetitus de corde fugabitur ardor,
Aut hoc ſi nequeo, peream precor ipſa toroq;
Mortua componar; poſitæq; det oſcula frater.

That is to ſay, Either I will expel this inceſtuous Love from my Breaſt, or dye in the Attempt, and be laid out on the mournful Herſe. *One would have thought that there had been an end of her and her Paſſion, when by an admirable and ſurprizing return of it, ſhe immediately adds,* poſitæq; det oſcula Frater. Let my Brother embrace me as I lie ſenſleſs there. *So that here ſhe ſeems to make proviſion for her Paſſion, againſt a time when it can be no more, to anticipate the ſatisfaction of her Brothers embracing her in the moment in which ſhe cannot be ſenſible of it, and, by imagination in the ſame ſentence, to extend her Love beyond that death by which ſhe propounds to end it. This is indeed lively to paint the extreme diſorder of a violent and irregular Paſſion. But what Hand muſt give us a Copy of ſo divine an Original? Who muſt not deſpair of imitating ſucceſsfully the wonderful celerity of this incomparable turn?*

P. 12. All Lets t' enjoyment, *&c. The* Latin *is,*

Nec nos aut durus Pater aut reverentia famæ
Aut Timor impediet.

Mr. Oldham *has render'd it thus.*

Let

Let neither Awe of Fathers Frowns, nor Shame
For ought that can be told by blabbing Fame,
Nor any ghastlier Fantom Fear can frame
Frighten or stop us in the way to Bliss.

So that he makes Byblis *start several difficulties enough to frighten her Brother, if he were inclin'd to compilance; and then exhorts him to go on in spight of them. Whereas the design of* Ovid, *is to make her answer such Objections as may probably be made by* Caunus. *The things that can chiefly be objected in such a case are two;* viz. *The Rigour of Parents, and Apprehension of Infamy. Now neither of these have reason to frighten us. For, says she,* Dulcia fraterno sub nomine furta tegemus. *That is, we shall conceal our incestuous Love under the disguise of fraternal Affection; and tho we appear never so fond to our Parents, and the rest of the World, they will be rather apt to extol our Piety, than to arraign our Incest. But this Verse,* Dulcia, &c. *which* Byblis *speaks as a reason for what preceded it, looks in Mr.* Oldham *like the Introduction of a new Proposition.*

P. 19. Come he must yet be mine, *&c. The* Latin is:

Vincetur: repetendus erit, nec tædia cœpti
Ulla mei capiam, dum spiritus iste manebit.

Mr. Oldham *has render'd it thus:*

Alive I'll pray, till Breath in Prayers be lost,
And after come a kind beseeching Ghost.

Where he pushes Ovid's *Thought a little too far, and indeed beyond the bounds of good sense. 'Tis true, I have met with some Gentlemen, who admire this passage very much, as something forsooth very soft; But* like will to like, *says the Proverb. For indeed those Gentlemen may be said to be soft with a Vengeance. I would fain ask them one question: For what should this poor Ghost come a begging?*

ging? For the Charity of the Flesh? That would be very pleasant. And yet the Charity of the Flesh is certainly the business in question.

P. 20. He'll think if thus, *&c. The* Latin is:

Vel quia desierim, leviter voluisse videbor.

Which Mr. Oldham *renders thus*:

Should I desist, 'twill be believ'd that I,
By slightly asking, taught him to deny.

I wonder that a Man of Mr. Oldham's *Sense and Learning should mistake* leviter voluisse *for slightly asking. By which mistake he has run himself upon two absurdities. For first he puts a sentiment into the mouth of* Byblis, *that is altogether base, and unworthy of a Woman of Honour, as if she were afraid of not being thought impudent enough, or of not being thought in good earnest. Secondly, He makes her bring that as an argument for persisting in her design, which is directly conclusive of the contrary. For what she says, in Prose, and in plain* English, *is this*: If I should now conquer this Passion, and grow once more the vertuous *Byblis*, I am afraid the World, who may come to know what a civil Request I made to my Brother, and afterwards took the very first Denial, I am afraid this ill-natur'd World will believe that I was but in jest. *Truly a very pleasant and very reasonable Fear. But what does she call slightly asking? The sending such a Letter as hers? For my part I know but one way she had to put the business more home to him. This cannot be the sense of* Ovid. *For tho* Ovid *is not the justest Man in the World in his thinking, (for justness is not his Talent) yet he seldom thinks so preposterously. nor could Mr.* Oldham *have done it, if he had not*

writ

writ this in a hurry. By leviter voluisse *then is meant not slightly to have asked, but lightly to have inclin'd my Will; and then the meaning has not only something very sensible in it, but very extraordinary and very noble. For thus* Byblis *is made to assert her Honour, by her very persisting in a most execrable Crime; for now the sense runs thus.* If I should now upon this first Repulse give over, then Men will reasonably conclude, that since it was in my power so soon to desist, it was in my power not to have given way to this Passion at first; and that she who could so easily stop its progress, might much more easily have prevented its very beginning; and consequently the advances which I have made to my Brother, will be imputed rather to my natural inclination to such horrible Wickedness, or some strange and base infirmity in me, than the force of a Passion inflicted by an offended God. But if after having shown so much Remorse, and so much Reluctancy, I still persist, notwithstanding that Remorse, notwithstanding that Reluctancy, nay notwithstanding Despair; why then, my Brother, and all the World, must acknowledge that *Byblis* is not to blame; but that since she does what doing she disapproves, and solicites a Vice, the very thought of which strikes her with Horror, it is demonstrably evident that her Passion is supernatural; and is not actuated by her own Will, but some more sublime, some eternal Principle which Mortals in vain resist.

Miscella-

Miſcellany Poems, &c.

A Pindaric Ode on the KING, written Aug. 2. 1691.

I.

NOw at great *Jove*'s ſupream command,
Fortune, his Slave, with threatning hand,
Furiouſly whirls about her wheel,
Which turning like a vaſt machine,
Changes the Worlds great ſtage, unſeen,
Whilſt with the motion giddy Nations reel.

II.

Alecto has been rows'd from Hell,
To puniſh a flagitious age,

In human Breaſts her Serpents dwell,
And ſting the guilty world to rage.
The Fury ſtalks about and raves,
Germany trembles at her horrid yell,
She rates the backward *French*, goads on th' aban-
(don'd Slaves,
To execute the black contrivances of Hell.
On to prodigious villanies they go,
Till they want ſenſe their monſtrous crimes to
(know
Thro the *Palatinate* ſhe with them flies,
And whilſt the native by his murderer dies,
She her infernal Torch to ev'ry houſe applies.
A Town ſhe burns for each vaſt Fun'ral Pile,
And, (grinning horribly a ghaſtly ſmile)
Upon the flames, as terribly they blaze,
Th' abominable fiend with diſmal Joy doth gaze.

III. As

III.

As Deluges whole Kingdoms sweep,
Urg'd by fierce Tempests and the Deep,
Wars dreadful inundation swells,
Rais'd both by wrath Divine, and Hells.
Nor Art nor Nature has the force
To stop its noisie course;
Nor *Alps*, nor *Pyreneans* keep it out,
Nor fortify'd Redoubt.

IV.

In vain the *Irish*, Straw-built Hutts forsake,
And to their Bogs in vain they make,
There soon does Fate her fugitives o'retake.
And as with horror and with fear,
Her grim attendants, she draws near,
The bogs and men with one Convulsion shake.

V.

In vain to the Ætherial Skies,
Climbing his *Alps*, th' amaz'd *Savoyard* flies,
The Bloody *French* the wretch persue,
Who pants with toil and terror too;
And near to Heaven (deaf to his piercing cries)
By impious hands he dies.

VI.

In *Belgian* Plains whilst th' *English* Lyon ramps,
Terror's diffus'd thro *Gallick* Forts and Camps.
See how his deadly lifted paw
Keeps couchant *Luxemburgh* in awe!
At *William*'s mighty name,
All *France*, with its exalted Idol shakes;
William's bright sounding fame,
Like Lightning, when from Heav'n it breaks,
Troubles the great Offender's sight,
And does his conscious Instruments affright;

And

And by its brightness and its noise,
Confounds them e're his Arm, war's Thunder-bolt' (destroys.

VII.

Glittering in glorious Arms he shines from far,
Like the fifth Heav'ns ascendant Star,
Whose very aspect gives success in War:
Whose influential pow'r decides,
And over fatal fields presides,
Just like the Moon's o're-raging Tydes:
Till by conjunction deadlier grown,
By its confederate force some mighty State's o're- (thrown.

VIII.

To *William*'s Vertue stiff Rebellion yields
In *Aghrim*'s purple Fields.
William, when at the *Boyne* he fought,
The *Shannon* and the *Suc* to pass his fierce Battalions (taught

His bravery kindled in their breaſts the fire,
Which does to glory by great acts aſpire,
And on to *Aghrim* hurried them, unknowing to retire.

IX.

Should fear in wretched man prevail,
Who could condemn it in a thing ſo frail?
The Univerſe has not a creature
Which the condition of its nature,
Subjects to more internal accidents,
Or outward caſual events.
The leaſt of which has often pow'r
To antedate his fatal hour.
William not only ſubject is to thoſe,
High pow'r, vaſt worth, him ev'ry hour expoſe
To the perfidiouſneſs & ſtrength of all his *Gallic* foes.
Domeſtic Villains who ſurround him too,
In his Deſtruction wiſh the World t'undo:
Yet ſee him in this dangerous ſtate
Dauntleſs as Gods ſecur'd by Fate.

X. The

X.

The numerous Squadrons of his foes,
Th' accurſed troublers of the Worlds repoſe,
He with heroic rage defies;
Surveying them, his ſparkling eyes
With Godlike tranſports rowl;
And his brave Warriers ſecond his great Soul.
And (tho retrench'd old wary *Bouteville* lyes)
Each for the onſet cryes.
He, wiſe in fury, keeps them back,
Conduct profound defers the wiſh'd attack.
Thus often when ſome deſperate offence
Does Heav'ns almighty pow'r incenſe,
Its vengeance it delays, expecting fatal times,
By high fore-knowledge pre-ordain'd to puniſh migh-
(ty crimes.

XI.

When, *William*, the predeſtin'd hour
T' o'rethrow that formidable pow'r,

Struck by the dire alarum comes,
Struck by loud Cannon and tempeſtuous Drums:
When *Gods* the bus'neſs of the World forego,
To be ſpectators of the fierce debate,
Pleas'd to behold the Sanguinary ſhow,
The tragic play of Fortune and of Fate:
In that great hour, that wondrous hour, controul (thy noble fire,
Which does to bright eternal Fame too furiouſly aſpire.
Ah! let not the tranſporting Rage,
The Chriſtian World's ſole hope too dangerouſly (engage!
On thee depend thy Country and thy Friends,
On thee the dreadful day and vaſt event depends.

XII.

Think on the *Boyne*, on that great action think,
Where can that man who thinks not on't be (found?
That action thro both *Indies* does reſound,
And as the golden *Ganges*, makes the wretched *Boyne* (renown'd.

Think

Think how expos'd thou mad'ſt its banks the (brink
Of ruine, into which we all were like to ſink.
Its banks, more famous for the threatned blow,
Than for the ſignal overthrow.
Canſt thou one curſed moment there forget?
Europe remembers it with horrour yet.
Tho on thoſe banks victorious Troops you led,
And half the Rebels were already fled:
Yet when the fatal ſhot approach'd thy ſacred head,
(But *Schomberg* deſtiny atton'd)
Fair Liberty ſhriek'd out aloud, aloud Religion (groan'd.
How did they on their Champions danger look!
Ev'n *England's* genius was with terror ſtruck,
And of the whole Confederate pow'r the guardian (Angel ſhook.

XIII.

Manage thy Royal Life, by Heav'n deſign'd
T' enſure *Great Britain* and Mankind:
Thy ſafety for their own all neceſſary find.

Had

Had Heav'n thy death made neceſſary too,
Does not thy former conduct ſhew,
That thou woud'ſt, raviſh'd with thy glorious doom
Do for the World what *Curtius* did for *Rome*?

XIV.

Ye *Brittiſh* Muſes celebrate his fame,
Where can you find a nobler theme
T' illuſtrate yours or *Britain*'s name?
In valour ſoveraign, and in ſenſe ſupream.
He's over all his Subjects found,
His Subjects thro the World renown'd,
For lofty Spirit, and for Thought profound.
To him your *Britain* owes,
That nothing but the ſound of War ſhe knows.
Ev'ry where elſe death and deſtruction reign,
Our happy Iſle does Peace within retain,
Defended by a double guard, its Monarch & the Main.

Upon

Upon our Victory at Sea.

I Sing the Naval Fight, whoſe Triumph, Fame
More loudly than our Cannon, ſhall proclaim.
Which with Heroick Force burſt *Europe's* Chain,
And made fair *Britain* Empreſs of the Main.
O *Britain's* mighty *Genius*, who wer't by,
Who with new Warmth didſt thy brave Sons ſupply,
And drive the *Gallic Dæmon* trembling thro' the Sky!
My Breaſt with that immortal Fury fire,
Which did thy Godlike Combatants inſpire.
Bold as their Fight, and happy be my Song,
As fierce, as great, as ſounding, and as ſtrong.
Then might my Verſe be heard on ev'ry Shoar,
And in its ſound Expreſs the thundring Cannons roar.

Now whilſt their Line th' impatient *Engliſh* form,
On comes proud *Tourvile*, ratling like a Storm

Sent

Sent by some Devil, to dissolve (in vain)
The two vast Empires of the Land and Main.
Whose transitory Rage the Globe annoys,
And to disturb Mankind, it self destroys.
With deafning Shouts the *English* rend the Skies,
Whilst Victory hov'ring o're their Pendants flies.
The Lust of Empire, and the Lust of Praise,
Does vulgar Men to God-like Courage raise:
All bravely bent the last Extreams to try,
And Conquer, or magnanimously Dye.

Now the Fleets joyn, and with their horrid shocks
Make *England's* Shores resound, and *Gallia's* Rocks,
Ship against Ship with dire Encounter knocks.
The more Resistance the brave *English* meet,
They their Broadsides more furiously repeat.
As th' Elm, which of its Arms the Ax bereaves,
New strength and vigor from its Wounds receives;
Their Rage, by loss of Blood, is kindled more,
And with their Guns, like Hurricanes they roar:

Like

Like Hurricanes the knotted Oak they tear,
Scourge the vext Ocean, and torment the Air.
Whilſt Earth, Air, Sea, in wild Confuſion hurl'd,
With univerſal Wreck, and *Chaos* threat the World.

Such would the Noiſe be, ſhould this mighty All
Cruſh'd and confounded into Atoms fall.
Bullets amain, unſeen by mortal Eye,
Fly in whole Legions thro' the darkned Sky,
And kill and wound, like *Parthians*, as they fly.

Here a Granada falls, and blazing burns,
Whilſt pale as Death th' amaz'd Spectator turns.
And now it burſts, and with a mortal ſound
Deals horrible Deſtruction all around.

There a red Bullet from our Cannon blown,
Into a Firſt-Rate's Powder-Room is thrown.
Toſt by a Whirlwind of tempeſtuous Fire,
A thouſand Wretches in the Air expire,

Howling, an impious Colony they go
At once tranſported to the World below.
There a Chain'd Shot with whirling Rage deprives
More than one Ship of Entrails, Limbs and Lives.
Death, who ſet out with it, does lagging ſtay,
Or limps behind it, panting in its way.

And now from the *Britannia*, in a Crowd,
Huge Bolts with Fury rend their nitrous Cloud,
Not mighty *Jove's* could paſs more fierce or loud,
When brandiſh'd by the God, in duſt they laid
Thoſe Sons of Earth who durſt his Heav'n invade.
Enceladus on *Oſſa Pelion* caſts,
When lo! all Three th' avenging Thunder blaſts.
And the *Britannia* like Deſtruction hurl'd
On the Invaders of its floating World.
By her they with their moving Mountains fell,
Like vaſt *Typhœus* flaming ſent to Hell.

Great *Ruſſel* does their Admirals aſſail
With Thunder, Lightning, and with Iron Hail.

That

That deſperate fight t'have ſeen, one would have ſworn
Vulcanian Iſlands from their Seats were torn:
That *Strombolo* afloat did thundring ruſh,
And the inferiour Iſles——
With inextinguiſhable Fury cruſh.

O would that Fury animate my Verſe,
That God-like Rage, which is both wiſe and fierce;
That Rage which in the Fight inſpir'd thy Breaſt!
Then might thy Praiſe be glorioufly exprcſt;
Thy Noble Acts in equal Numbers ſhown,
Which thou mightſt then, Triumphant *Ruſſel!* own:
But who could e're command celeſtial Fire?
The God does whom and when he liſts inſpire:
Now down he ruſhes, and my Breaſt he ſhakes,
And now to Heav'n his towring Flight he takes.
Then e're he leaves me, and my Blood grows cold,
The Battels vaſt Event in haſte be told.———

The *French*, at laſt, of treacherous Aid deceiv'd,
By loudeſt Storms would gladly be reliev'd.

Their

Their Ships, which in magnificent Array
But juſt before did their proud Flags diſplay,
And ſeem'd with War and Deſtiny to play;
Now from our Rage, deſpoil'd of Rigging, Tow,
Or Burn, or up into the Air they blow.

Thus a large Row of Oaks does long remain
The Ornament and Shelter of the Plain:
With their aſpiring Heads they reach the Sky,
Their huge extended Arms the Winds deſy,
The Tempeſt ſees their ſtrength, & ſighs, & paſſes by.
When *Jove*, concern'd that they ſo high aſpire,
Amongſt them ſends his own revenging Fire,
Which does with diſmal Havock on them fall,
Burns ſome, and tears up ſome, but rends them all:
From their dead Trunks their mangled Arms are torn,
And from their Heads their ſcatter'd Glories born;
Upon the Heath they blaſted ſtand and bare,
And thoſe whom once they ſhelter'd, now they ſcare.

Wiſh

Wish for the Kings Safety, in the Summers Expedition of 1692.

YE Pow'rs who watch o're sublunary Things,
Ye guardian Pow'rs of Empires and of Kings,
Angels and *Genii* of Empyreal kind,
Who *Christendom* so near destruction find,
Each trembling for the Crown to his high charge assigned;
Now leave your Posts, to *WILLIAM* all repair,
Him guard alone, guard him with all your Care,
Whilst He by your Protection stands secure,
His Conduct and His Brav'ry will the Christian World ensure.

To Flavia *who fear'd she was too kind.*

AH! *Flavia*, still be gentle, let not fear,
That makes all others mild, make thee severe.

How canſt thou be too kind, who doſt but uſe
That Freedom, which I die if you refuſe.
There are, who think by Frowns Mankind to fire,
As if Deformity could Love inſpire.
There are, who by their Coldneſs think t' enflame,
Or, *Parthian*-like, by flying hope to tame.
Others affect intolerable State,
And think that Pomp becomes a Conqueror's Fate.
But they who conquer in Love's beauteous Field,
Muſt, if they would purſue their Victory, yield.
Minds, from each others motions take their bent,
In Love, Joy, Rage, and even in Hate conſent.
The Angry urge us, and the Fearful fright,
The Sad diſturb us, and the Gay delight;
The Proud and Scornful, our Averſion prove,
As all the Tender our Affections move.
Tis true indeed ſome monſtrous Fops are found,
Whom God did ſure of the worſt Dirt compound;
Who Homage pay to Pride and fierce Diſdain,
The wretched Subjects of a Tyrant's Reign.

Juſt

Juſt as enervate Eaſtern Climes obey
Th' imperious Dictates of Deſpotic Sway.
Let arbitrary Power mean Souls enſlave,
The Sov'reign muſt be good who rules the Brave.
The Monarch of my Heart can't prove too kind;
None e're too much oblig'd a gen'rous Mind.
Too kind thou canſt not be on the bleſt Night,
When Heav'n it ſelf procures for our Delight.
When wanton on the Wings of Love I flee,
To roul and revel in full Joys, and Thee.
When o're thy panting Breaſts diſſolv'd I lie,
And burn, and bleed, and ſigh, and groan, and die;
And by that Death at Happineſs arrive,
At perfect Bliſs which none enjoys alive.
Ev'n by that Bliſs which thus tranſports my Mind,
Then, when thuo grant'ſt me all, thou canſt not
(prove too kind.
For full Fruition will but raiſe Deſire,
As Heav'n poſſeſt exalts the Zealots fire.

And ev'ry Rapture but improve my Love,
As earthly Charity's refin'd above.
There mighty Love, amidſt ambroſial Plains,
With uncontroul'd, and boundleſs Empire reigns.
Ætherial Minds eternally enjoy,
Still plunge themſelves in Bliſs, and never cloy,
Their mental Eyes upon each other fix;
Then greedily they ruſh, and totally they mix:
Then by delightful turns flie off and gaze,
Then loſe themſelves again in Love's myſterious (maze.
Unite their Suſtances, confound their Pow'rs,
And ev'ry Virtue knit as we muſt ours.
Like theirs, my *Flavia!* ſhall our Joys endure,
Like generous Wines, the older the more pure,
Or Nectar from devouring time ſecure.
They through eternal Life, eternal Day,
Mingling their Souls, purſue their am'rous Play,
VVhen we our bodies mingle for Delight,
Were we both doom'd to an eternal Night.

Through

Through that with thee I hourly could expire,
Nor light the joy of Life, nor Life would I deſire.

The Tenth Ode of the Second Book of Horace.

I.

IF you thro Life's uncertain Tyde,
Your ſelf, dear Friend, would ſafely guide,
Do not the boundleſs Main explore,
Where *Boreas* rages unconfin'd:
Nor to get underneath the Wind,
Venture the Rocks too near the Shore.

II.

The man ſtands equally exempt
From dangerous envy and contempt,
Who loves the middle golden ſtate:
He neither ſordidly doth lye

In duſt, nor ſtands exalted nigh
Some ghaſtly precipice of Fate.

III.

Tempeſts the loſty Cedar rend,
And on the ground its trunk extend,
Whilſt ſafe the humbler Plants are found.
The Tow'r which inſolently ſhrowds
Its ſtately head amongſt the Clouds,
Its fall does into Atoms pound.

IV.

At Heads of Gyant Hills which riſe
With horrid Brows t' affront the Skies,
Jove the impetuous Thunder whirls;
The hillocks it flies grumbling o're,
But raving mad, with hideous roar,
Confuſion on the *Alps* it hurls.

V. He

V.

He hopes when Fortune proves adverſe,
He, when ſhe's kind, fears a reverſe;
Whom ſacred wiſdom doth direct;
Since *Jove* ſo oft makes Tempeſts riſe,
Whoſe Fury ſhakes his native Skies,
Can man a ſettled ſtate expect?

VI.

But if the gods prove angry now,
They'll one day with unclouded brow
Dart joys into thy Soul again:
Thoſe gods as wretched were as we,
If they ſhould always angry be,
And always hear their Slaves complain.

VII.

By bearing bravely the worſt ſtate,
Shew thou deſerv'ſt a better fate:

But if the wind comes fair about,
Why then ſuſpect the flattering gale;
When it ſeems merrieſt, reef your Sail,
And for the Sands look ſharply out.

FABLE *in Burleſque.*

The Pig, *the* Goat, *and the* Sheep.

A Goat, a Fat Pig and a Wether,
To Fair in Tumbril jogg'd together:
They were not thus to *Smithfield* jumbled,
To ſee how *Jacob* danc'd or tumbled.
No, ſtory tells us that the Carter
Went with deſign all three to barter.
The Pig ſcream'd out, as he were juſt
By *Talgol* going to be truſs'd,
Tore all their Ears and his own Throat;
Mean while the Wether and the Goat,

Two

Two very quiet harmleſs wretches,
Aſtoniſh'd at *Don Porker's* ſcreiches;
Wonder'd from whence ſhould come his fear,
For they perceiv'd no danger near.
Then ſays the Carter, what a Murrain
Ails thee? what makes thre keep this ſtir in
Such civil company as thou'rt in?
Do thy two Comrades make this din?
What a meek perſon is that Wether!
And how demure the Goat! has either
Open'd his mouth once? no I warrant
They are both wiſer. They are errant
Dolts, ſays the Pig, both ſtark ſtone blind;
Could they but ſee, like me, the Wind,
Sheeps-head would ſet up ſuch a larum,
As would, were twenty Wolves here, ſcare 'um:
And that grave Booby with the Beard,
Would further than my ſelf be heard.
For *Talgol's* wheeſon ſcraping whittle
Will ſoon convert them both to victual:

They're

They're lean, you'll ſay, and I'm miſtaken:
But how ſhall I man ſave my Bacon?
Whom Waſtcoateer has made a Fat Pig,
For ſome Citsravenous Spouſe, with Brat big.
'Tis for her maw I'm grown this Squab bit;
May the Jade choak with the firſt gobbet.
Thus did the Pig his point maintain
With ſubtile argument, but vain:
Nor griefs, nor fears, change fates decrees,
Then he's moſt wiſe who leaſt foreſees.

Moral.

IN vain by foreſight we would miſchiefs ſhun,
What Fate has once determin'd muſt be done.
The preſent with a dauntleſs mind enjoy:
What wretched Fool would his own bliſs deſtroy!
Who lives in apprehenſion urges Fate;
Too ſoon 'twill come, and he'll repent too late.

Better

Better to hope for what we most desire,
Than vainly into future ills inquire.
Yet Man perhaps unjustly we accuse,
Who ne're inquires but when he can't refuse.
For as when Fate would undiscover'd lye,
What it designs no Mortal can descry;
So when it pleases to be understood,
Mankind cannot be ignorant if it wou'd.
Urg'd on by Destiny we headlong go,
Forc'd to seek that which most we fear to know.
But ah! how curst is he whom that decree,
Which makes his doom obliges to foresee.

The Second Epistle of the first Book of Horace. *To a Friend.*

WHilst Philosophic studies you persue,
My acquaintance here with *Homer* I renew;

Who

Who rules of moral Life to man preſcribes,
Beyond the Stoic or Platonic Tribes.
Why this is my opinion, hear——
That part which the protracted war relates,
Between the *Grecian* and *Barbarian* States,
Inſtructively of the commotions ſings,
Of empty crowds, and their reſembling Kings.
By voting to reſtore the beauteous Prize,
Peace to reſtore at once *Antenor* tries,
Paris to be compell'd to happineſs denies.
Neſtor makes haſte the difference to compoſe,
Which in the General, and *Achilles* roſe.
Whoſe injur'd Love in both ſtrange fury breeds,
Whilſt for the madneſs of their Kings the *Grecian* Ar
(my bleeds.
Sedition, Malice, Luſt and Rage deſtroy,
The *Grecian* Camp, and Garriſon of *Troy*.
But how far Wiſdom joyn'd with Virtue goes,
That pattern of them both *Ulyſſes* ſhows.

He,

He, thro ſtrange Climes with different cuſtoms, toſt,
After h' had taken *Troy* himſelf had almoſt loſt.
Suffring, he ſail'd the boundleſs Ocean o're,
And up againſt all Storms of Fate he bore,
Whilſt for himſelf and Friends he did a ſafe return
(explore.

Why ſhould I here *Circæan* Cups rehearſe?
Or *Syrens* ſinging in harmonious Verſe?
Thoſe Cups if with his greedy Friends h' had drunk,
Down to a Brute transform'd with them h' had ſunk.
Young Fops who ſleep till noon, then dreſs till night,
And make that Life their vanity and delight;
Theſe are *Penelope's* Suitors, Raskals born
Only to plague the Fair, and conſume Corn.
Cyphers, who ſtand for nought alone, deſign'd
But to compleat the number of Mankind.

Villains to cut mens Throats their Beds forſake,
And wilt not thou to ſave thy ſelf awake?
'Tis better now to try preventive arts,
E're noxious Humors ſeize the nobler parts;

Then

Then ſtay till their contagious influence force,
The wretched Patient on too late a courſe.
Now rouſe by Night, watch o're th' inſtructive Page
For Love, or Envy, Diſcontent or Rage;
Unleſs this uſeful gentler way you take,
The reſt you indulge will ſoon by Tortures break
Why? when malignant Rheums thy ſight obſcure
Art thou impatient to diſpatch the Cure;
Yet like a ſtupid Wretch delayſt to find
A cure for cares that overcaſt thy mind?
Dare to tread Wiſdoms paths, ſet forth apace:
He who ſets forth has finiſh'd half the race.
Who till the letts of Life are paſt, deſers
That happy minute, like the Peaſant errs,
Who ſtands expecting by the Rivers ſide
Till running waters leave the Channel dry'd,
Which from an unexhauſted ſource eternally's ſup-
(plyd
Vainly thou ſpend'ſt too great a part of Life
In getting an Eſtate, or a fine Wife.

With

With greedy toil thou ploughst vast Forests o're,
Let him who has enough expect no more.
When the Great man lyes languishing in State,
Not all his Pomp and Plenty can abate,
That Feavor, which perhaps they might create.
Nor Gold, nor Jewels, anxious cares expel,
T' enjoy all these the Owner must be well.
He whom Ambition fires, or Dangers fright,
In Fortunes favors takes no more delight,
Than men grown impotent, in Women's find;
So Lutes the Deaf, so Beauty charms the Blind.
Th' infected Vessel taints th' infusion too,
Contemn all joys, which greater griefs persue.
The Miser wants the more, the more h' acquires,
Hear this, and bounds prefix to your desires.
Not witty Cruelty by Revenge refin'd,
In old *Sicilian* Tyrants e're design'd
Tortures that vex'd the Limbs, as Envy wracks the (Mind.

Tempe-

Temperate riſing Fury whilſt y' have pow'r,
Who give't a looſe, oft curſe that Fatal hour.
'Tis a ſhort madneſs: your deſire reſtrain,
That, that betimes confine, betimes enchain,
Which muſt b' a Slave, or abſolutely reign.

Th' unmanag'd Colt, the skilful Rider tames,
And forms him to the courſe or to the battle frames.
Since firſt they fleſh'd and enter'd the young Hound,
His ratling tongue makes Hills and Dales reſound.
Now, now, theſe wholſome precepts of the Muſe
Into your young untainted breaſt infuſe.
Th' unſeaſon'd Cask will long retain the ſcent,
Of the rich Wines which in it firſt ferment.
Thus my ſweet Friend, in whom I moſt delight,
To keep my pace in Vertues ways I' invite.
But if you' outrun or lag I give you o're,
I'le neither wait for thoſe behind, nor urge on thoſe before.

FABLE.

FABLE.

Of the Aunt *and the* Grasshopper.

THe Grasshopper, the merriest Creature
That ever was produc'd by Nature:
Whilst Summer lasted ev'ry day,
Did nought but eat and sing and play.
When Winter came, and Heav'n look'd lowring,
And *Boreas* thro the World ran scowring.
Grasshopper saw her pleasure past,
Her banquet's gone, and she must fast.
Nature, wh' had serv'd, had ta'n away,
She now can neither sing nor play.
Nothing that's edible is at home,
No not a Fly, a Mite, an Atome.
Then she to neighbour Aunt does trudge,
A little sneaking Country drudge.

Gossip, I come t' implore thy' assistance,
And borrow something for subsistence :
Lend me at most but twenty grain,
I'll pay thee punctually again,
In *August*, Gossip, if not sooner,
As I an Insect am of honour.
Lend ! that's a case requires arguing ;
Two words, good Gossip, to a bargain.
What ! come to borrow of a Miser !
Gossip ! I thought thou hadst been wiser.
Pray what might'st thou do all the Summer ?
Do, Gossip ? why to ev'ry comer
I day and night sung oh be joyful !
And hadst not thou a fine employ fool ?
But hark ye me, the Proverb cries,
Neighbour be merry and be wise.
He who is forc'd to go a borrowing,
Neighbour, is forc'd to go a sorrowing.
Why, as you could till Winter sing,
I'faith you may go dance till Spring.

Mora

Moral.

WHo riots out Life's Summer and its Spring,
He feels in Age of want and scorn the Sting.
Not that from pleasure we the young would fright,
For a young Stoic is a monstrous sight.
That wretch runs counter to what Heav'n designs;
To pleasure Heav'n and Nature Youth inclines.
Youth is from Age distinguish'd but by Joy;
Which Youth still gives, and Age must still destroy.
Yet let short Joys with moderate Cares be mix'd.
Joy will like Mercury die, if once 'tis fix'd.
Oft let it to returning Care give place,
Oft from thy Breast that Care let Pleasure chase.
So shall thy care nor anxious be nor long,
Whilst thy delight is lasting sound and strong.
And thus deliciously you'l pass your Spring,
And yet provide for ills which Age must bring:

Who in his Youth is a perpetual Drudge,
That sordid Sot does his own Genius grudge.
He must provide for Fourscore Years he crys,
Then e're he has arriv'd to Fifty dyes;
His Gold bequeathing to the Ass, his Son,
That he may be more splendidly undone.
Do not the Grasshopper for pattern take,
Nor yet the Pismire thy example make;
Whose foolish Drudgery, so unjustly sam'd,
Is like the Sot's, whom just before I blam'd.
She day and night does up for Winter lay,
Then e're the Fall, takes wings and flies away.

FABLE.

The Fox *and the* Grapes.

A Fox in Forraging did spy
Grapes on a Treille some six foot high:

Th' artractive and the golden ſight,
The Thief did to repaſt invite;
He ogles ev'ry goodly cluſter,
Judges its liquor by its luſtre,
Which ſympathetick liquor draws
Into his ravenous diſtant Jaws.
But when he ſaw he ſhould loſe time,
Unleſs he by his craft could climb:
Why gaze I here, he ſlav'ring cries,
On paultry ſtuff I ſhould deſpiſe?
Is ſuch ſowre geer for *Renard*'s maw?
Doſt take thy ſelf for a Jack Daw?
Or for a chatt'ring greedy Pye?
Foh! leave them for the Mob, ſay I.

Moral.

WHen men to what they wiſh, aſpire in vain,
To be reveng'd in rage contempt they feign;

But true Contempt to Rage is ne're ally'd,
By Rage Esteem is constantly imply'd,
And therefore Rage is oft conceal'd by Pride.
Fantastic Pride! ev'n base whilst it aspires,
Which falsly scorns whatere it most admires.
The Stoic writing in contempt of Fame,
To his vain-glorious Book, prefix'd his Name.
That lofty Sect does Glory most deride,
And yet is grounded on dogmatic Pride.
Declaims against that Vice without whose power,
Its feeble Virtue could not stand an hour.
Whilst Heroes in the Field their Love proclaim,
That rail's t' acquire the common Mistress Fame;
Thus Sparks when other means are try'd, lampoon the (Dame.

The Fourth Satyr of Boileau.

WHence does it come, dear Friend, that they alone,
Think they engross all Wisdom, who have none;
That

That one Fop lolls his Tongue out at another,
And ſhakes his empty Noddle at his Brother.

A Pedant who has ſtuff'd his brain with reading,
So full, that there's no room for Wit or Breeding;
Briſtling with *Greek*, bloated with Pride and Bluff,
And by long poring, ſurly grown and gruff.
Who has by rote a Thouſand Authors got,
And of them all made one prodigious Sot.
He on his duſty Volumes only dotes,
Which he in talk, impertinently quotes.
With him, if *Ariſtotle* ſays the word,
Reaſon's ridiculous, and Senſe abſurd.

But the old Beau, and ev'ry modiſh Aſs,
Who half the Morning conſtantly does paſs,
Ogling his ugly Carkaſs in his Glaſs:
(Which frightfully t' adorn three hours are ſpent,
As if, like ancient *Picts*, 'twere his intent,

To native Uglines acquir'd t'impart,
And hideous grow, by Ornament and Art:)
Who to the Park or Play rides jingling, where
By his loud nauseous Chat, and graceless Air,
He plagues the Sensible, and frights the Fair;
Whilst all the little Loves that hover nigh,
Our *English* Beauties from the Scare-crow fly;
The Lumber of our Boxes and our Pits,
And Beauties curst Incumbrance too, and Wits:
This Chariot load of Blockhead hates all Science,
And bids to all the learned World Defiance.
Damns, as by Priviledge, whatever's writ,
And makes his Ignorance his Claim to Wit.
Proud Bigots who would all their faults conceal,
And cheat ev'n God by their affected Zeal;
With seeming Sanctity, and spiritual Spight,
Damn all the rest of men with all their Might.

But th'Athiest who tow'rds Hell in Darkness strays,
Whom want of Sense to want of Faith betrays,
And whom no Law, but brutal Impulse sways;

Con-

Contemns Gods Wrath, and everlaſting Fire,
By which (he ſwears) the State, and the Church Liar.
Grey reverend Rogues, to awe bold Fools conſpire.
For his part, who to reaſon makes pretence,
He laughs at Shams, which ſhock all common Senſe.

But he that would this boundleſs Theme exhauſt,
And not in Crowds of various Fools be loſt;
He'll maintain as ſoon might number all
Whom in a Spring, or Peſtilential Fall,
Feavers, or more malignant Doctors, mawl.
Or ſum up all our Cuckolds on Record,
From ſneaking Cit to the gay ſtrutting Lord.
But that this matter may t' a point be brought,
And in two words to ſum up my whole thought;
By leave of thoſe ſev'n Fools, ſo much renown'd
By *Greece* for VViſdom, take the Globe around,
On it no perfect VViſdom e're was found.
All Men are Fools, and ſpight of all their pains,
Their difference only in their rate remains.

As

As in a Wood which numerous paths divide,
VVayfaring men are loft without a Guide;
One on the right, one on the left hand ftrays,
Both by one error rambling different ways:
So we thro Life's grand journey blund'ring run,
Stumbling at Scandals which we wifh'd to fhun,
By one fame error fev'ral ways all bubbled and undone.

Yet fome grave Fops for wondrous wife would pafs,
But the grave Afs is an original Afs.
Yet here let Satyr publifh what it will,
To Wifdom each exalts his Folly ftill:
Does of his frailties as perfections boaft,
As doating Sires love weakly Children moft.
This to the man then who himfelf would know,
He is moft wife, who thinks he is leaft fo.
Who others viewing with indulgent thoughts,
Does cynically cenfure his own faults:
With rigour profecutes them ev'ry one,
And upon all fees ftrickeft Juftice done.

But

But here let Satyr what it will divulge,
His darling vice who is not apt t' indulge?
A Fool who doats on, nay adores his Gold,
Amidſt his Heaps enduring Want and Cold,
His Folly does for a rare Prudence hold.
His Pleaſure, and his Pride's to heap up ſtore,
Which ſince 'twas his is guarded from him more,
And leſs is in his power than 'twas before.
But tell me mercenary, ſordid Sot,
Haſt thou the plague of *Tantalus* forgot?
Who to the very Chin in water ſet,
Ne'r with one drop his burning Lips could wet.
D'you laugh? how ignorant of your ſelf are you,
Who your own Image thus with ſcorn can view?
The plague of *Tantalus* does thee deſtroy;
Poſſeſſing wealth, which thou canſt ne're enjoy.
Numberleſs Sums your crowded Coffers burſt,
Yet after Gold eternally you thirſt.
Swimming in plenty ſtill thy drought remains,
And in thy Soul the Raging Feaver reigns.

Nor

Nor Fraud nor Sacriledge you ſhun for gain,
Yet from what's yours religiouſly abſtain,
Thus Avarice but digs the Mine t' enter the Gold (again.

Why faith, the Miſer in plain terms is mad,
Cry's one whoſe Frenzy's diff'rent, but as bad.
Who Gold, all day as up and down he wanders,
On Rooks, caſt Captains, Plotters, Paraſites, ſquan- (ders,
Whores, Horſes, Taylors, Hawks, Pimps, Dogs, (and Panders.

Who counter after [Happineſs does run,]
And to be rectifi'd muſt be undone.
From place to place he roams with reſtleſs mind,
In ſearch of Quiet, which he ne're could find:
By Fortune's favours render'd diſcontented;
So when the Miſtriſs is too fond, the Gallant is tor- (mented

For which of theſe d'you moſt deſpair of cure?
Why their conditions both are dangerous ſure.

An

An ancient Lord at the Groom Porter's cries,
With a grave ſhrug and plaguy politick eyes,
At the ſame time the bold adventurer knocks
At all the Stakes with juſt *Pandora's* box.
Whence the diſaſters flew that caus'd his ruine,
And where his hope lay after his undoing.
For Lands and Tenements being ſold, he's fain,
His Lacqueys and his Strumpets to maintain,
By a Rent charge, upon the merry Main.
Should Fortune her inconſtant malice ſhow,
And turn the Dice with one unhappy throw,
You might behold him ſtrait with briſtling Hair,
Turn up his Eyes to Heav'n, and wildly ſtare;
And ſwear like Devils, from ſome Wretches Breaſt
By croney Prieſt unkindly diſpoſſeſt.
Bind him, or by his furious upcaſt Eyes,
This modern Monſter will invade the Skies:
Which ev'n already loudly he defies.
Yet leave him to the ſtorm which tears his Breaſt,
For his own Fury will chaſtiſe him beſt.

Errors

Errors there are, which do more pleasing harm,
Whilst the weak Reason to debauch they charm.
Like Wine delicious, Poison they dispense,
And send up Fumes, intoxicating sense.
Aristus Rhimes, and there his Folly lies,
But tho those Rhimes ev'n *Busby*'s Boys despise;
Himself h' applauds, and in his vain account,
Takes place of *Virgil* on th' *Aonian* Mount.
But oh! should some bold man, severely kind,
Dispel the mist, which thus obscures his mind;
And all the bungling strokes h' admires display,
In the full light of Reason's glittering ray;
How would he curse that hour, and how be griev'd
Of his sweet Error to be undeceiv'd.

Once an *Enthusiast* whom the Spleen did cheat,
Into an odd and singular conceit:
(The man concerning ev'ry thing beside,
Discours'd like one whom Sense and Reason guide.)

Fancied

Fancied that Angels hovering o're him hung,
That *Cherub* plaid to him, and *Seraph* sung,
Whilst in his ravish'd breast immortal Pleasures (sprung.

A Doctor undertook him with success,
And cur'd him by his Art, or else by Guess.
But when he did at last his Fees require:
pay you, crys the *Enthusiast* all on fire,
You, whose damn'd Art, in opening thus my Eyes,
Has lost me Paradise, to make me wise.

His Rage was just; for man is not so curst,
But Reason's yet of all his Plagues the worst:
Tis she who fierce in midst of Joys remains,
And with Remorse our gay Desires restrains:
Our furious Passions she can never curb,
And checking all the sprightlier does disturb.
Her Rule's as troublesome, as 'tis severe,
The Pedant's always bawling at our Ear.

Out

Our thoughts she reprimands, our actions blames;
To make us mad sh' eternally declaims,
Till Patience turns to Rage and flings away;
Then that her barbarous Lectures we may shun,
Like Husbands forc'd by Shrews to go astray,
To Wine, or kinder Mistrisses we run.
In vain, some writers would with soveraign sway,
Make her command, and every sense obey;
Set up a God dess with presumpteous pride,
Who might on Earth and in themselves reside.
She they affirm can lasting joys bestow,
Such as are her Votaries can only know,
Who lead the lives of Demi-gods below.
Why saith these things in Books are finely said,
But hast not thou my Friend, who men hast read,
Hast not thou found, after a strict survey,
That your unthinking noisy Rogues are they,
Who can be always satisfi'd, who can be always gay?

The

The Fifth Epiſtle of Monſieur Boileau, *to Monſieur* Guillerague *Secretary of the Kings Cabinet.*

O Thou whoſe gallant and ſagacious mind,
The Power which form'd it for a Court (deſign'd!
Great Maſter in the art of pleaſing! Who
Know'ſt how to Speak, and to be ſilent too!
What courſe would'ſt thou adviſe thy Friend to take,
Say, had I beſt be ſilent now or ſpeak?
Shall I ſtill ſignalize my ſelf by Satyr,
Fruitful in jolly Malice, gay ill Nature?
And in the Field where I have ſo often fought,
Make Fopps ſtill ſhake at ev'ry pointed thought?
A Field that once with tumult gain'd me Fame,
When my raſh Youth tranſported with its flame,
To wiſdom and to eaſe preferr'd a noiſie name.

But now since time has ripen'd my desires,
* Since Toys my thoughtful Soul no more admires,
But at its fortieth rolling Year to wiser joys aspires.
I bid adieu to the diverting Broil,
And choose repose before the illustrious Toil.
Then let a thousand of my scribling Foes
Vainly Conspire to shake this firm repose.
I whom each breath blew once into a flame,
Am an old Lyon Tractable and Tame:
I will no more my blunted Talons arm,
No more my Roar the Forest shall alarm.
For as my sprightly rampant days are ore,
So my provoking chagrin is no more,
Nor the sharp Gall which stung me into rage (before.
Again let all the scribling Herd appear,
I leave them now a full and free Carrear.
Errour I only hate, and Good esteem,
Studying my self my own perpetual Theme.

* Boileau, *when he writ this, was about Six and Forty Years Old; but Poetry admits of no odd Numbers above Nine.*

Let

Let thoſe who liſt thro' Tubes the Heavens explore;
But me ſuch vain inquiries touch no more.
As vainly let *Rohaut* grow pale, t' inquire,
If motion can with plenitude conſpire.
Moiſture and Drought, let *Bernier* too compound,
Of bodies wandring thro the Void, of bodies hook'd
(and round,
I who my reaſons dreadful Shipwrack fear,
Whilſt on a Sea, thus infamous I ſteer,
I to provide the Skiff, uſe all my care
To fit its Rudder and its Oars prepare,
Thus to prevent the ſtorm, and reach the Shore,
Whilſt yet prevention may be us'd, before
The Winds run mad, and for their prey the Waves
(begin to roar.

What do we aim at all but reſt of mind?
But we, within, that golden reſt muſt find.
A Blockhead full of faults, purſued by grief,
To whom nor Town nor Country brings relief,

In vain takes Horse, with thought t'out-ride his
(trouble,
That mounts behind, and with him gallops double.
What think you *Alexander* then design'd,
Wher, hurried by a vast and boundless mind,
He laid all *Asia* waste, and plunder'd half mankind?
What made him *Græcia*'s gentle Clime forsake?
What made him War on unknown Monarchs make?
In Tumult, Horrour, and in Blood what pleasure
could he take?
Why' attack'd by trouble, which he could not tame,
And which this Conquerour of the world o're came
Himself his deadliest Foe he sought to shun,
And from reflecting solitude to run;
Conquering, he fled before superiour Grief:
This, this transported the Triumphant Thief
T' *Auroras* native regions, those gay shores
O'er which her purple flood of light she pours,
Where the burnt *Persian* the bright Star which
(scorches him adores.

Self-

Self-Authors of the Plagues by which we groan,
Far from our selves we're ev'ry moment thrown.
Why all this hazard, all this mighty toil,
T' exhaust the Gold of the *Peruvian* Soil?
Why are we thro such various Climates hurl'd,
To ransak both the new and antient World?
Fatigu'd by Journies, or by Tempest tost?
Murder'd on Land, or on the Ocean lost?
Surely for happiness we need not roam,
'Tis easiest had with little and at home.
He, whom the Gods best gift Content does bless,
Possessing nothing, does the World possess.

A Letter, sent with the following Speech.

SIR,

I Have here sent you inclos'd, what I promis'd you by the last Post, and I think my self oblig'd to give you some account of it. In the late Appendix to the new *Observator*, I find the Author reasonably complaining of the corruption of History by the *French*, and giving a very reasonable guess, how false the History of this Age (as far as it is writ by them) is like to come out in the next. And particularly what Mounsieur *Pelisson's* History of the present King of *France* is like to be, which he is now writing by that King's own order. Monsieur *Boileau*, who writ the enclos'd, has at least as great a share in that History as Monsieur *Pelisson*: And therefore you have in the enclos'd, in the which he has very artfully inserted a Panegyrick of

of his Prince, a pattern of what his part of the History will be. For having flatter'd his Master in this small Panegyrick, we have all the reason in the world to believe That he will flatter him too in his History. And that he has flatter'd him here, you will plainly find; not only by exaggerations, which are in some measure to be allow'd to an Orator; but in affirming things which are directly contrary to the truth. Such are those two remarkable passages of the French King's offering Peace to the Late Confederacy, for the general good of *Christendom*, (which not so much as a Frenchman who has common Sense, believes) and of his Bombarding *Genoa*, only to be reveng'd of its Insolency and of its Perfidiousness, which every man who has heard the Story of Mr. *Valdryon*, must laugh at. Now since it is to be presum'd, that Monsieur *Boileau* will flatter him in his History, because it is plain that he has flatter'd him in his Panegyrick; What are we to expect from Monsieur *Pelisson*, whose sincerity is by no means so much talk'd of as the other's?

I thought to have concluded here: but it comes into my mind to make two reflections upon the Panegyrical part of the enclos'd. The first is this, that since Monsieur *Boileau*, who is in the main a man of sincerity, and a lover of truth; could not but flatter *Lewis* the Fourteenth when he commended him: we may conclude that it is impossible to give him a general commendation without flattery. For, where a Satyrick Poet paints what other man must not daub? The second Reflection is this, that since this Panegyrick is scarce to be supported, notwithstanding the most admirable genius of the Author, which shines throughout it; and an art to which nothing can be added (remember that I speak of the Original) and beyond which nothing can be desir'd; you may easily conclude how extreamly nauseous the rest of the Panegyricks upon *Lewis* the Fourteenth must needs be, whose Authors fall infinitely short of *Boileau's*, either Genius, or Art, or Virtue.

THE

The Speech of Monsieur Boileau, *upon his admission into the French Academy.*

Gentlemen,

THE Honour this day conferr'd upon me is some thing so great, so extraordinary, so little expected; and so many several sorts of reasons ought to have for ever excluded me from it, that at this very moment in which I return my acknowledgements, I am doubtful if I ought to believe it. Is it then possible, can it be true, Gentlemen, that you have in effect judg'd me worthy to be admitted into this illustrious Society; whose famous Establishment does no less honour to the memory of Cardinal *Richlieu*, than all the rest of the numerous wonders of his matchless Ministry? And what must be the thoughts of that great man? What must be the thoughts of that wise Chancellour, who after him enjoy'd

the Dignity of your Protectorship; and after whom it was your opinion, that none but your King had right to be your Protector? What must be their thoughts, Gentlemen, if they should behold me this day, becoming a part of this Glorious Body, the object of their eternal care and esteem; and into which by the Laws, which they have establish'd; by the Maxims which they have maintain'd, no one ought to be receiv'd, who is not of a spotless Merit, an extraordinary Wit, and comparable even to you? But farther, whom do I succeed in the place which you are pleas'd to afford me here? * Is it not a Man who is equally renown'd for his great Employments, and his profound Capacity? Is it not a Magistrate who fill'd one of the foremost Seats in the Council; and who in so many important Occasions has been Honoured by his Prince, with his strictest Confidence: A Magistrate, no less Wise than Experienc'd, watchful, laborious; and with whom the more I compare my self, tho less Proportion I find.

* *Monsieur de Besons*

I know

I know very well, Gentlemen (and who can be ignorant of it,) that in the choice which you make of men who are proper to supply the vacancies of your learned Assembly, you have no regard either to Place or to Dignity: That Politeness, Learning, and an acquaintance with all the more gentle Arts, have always usher'd in naked Merit to you, and that you do not believe it to be unbecoming of you, to substitute in the room of the highest Magistrate, of the most exalted Minister, some famous Poet, or some Writer, whom his Works have rendred Illustrious; and who has very often no other Dignity, than that which his desert has given him upon *Parnassus*. But if you barely consider me as a man of Learning, what can I offer you, that may be worthy of the favour, with which you have been pleas'd to honour me? Is it a wretched Collection of Poetry, successful rather by a happy temerity and a dexterous imitation of the Ancients, than by the beauty of its thoughts, or the richness of its expressions? Is it a translation that falls so

far

far short of the great Master-pieces, with which you every day supply us; and in the which you so gloriously revive; *Thucydidis*, *Xenophon*, *Tacitus*, and all the rest of the renown'd Heroes of the most learn'd Antiquity? No, Gentlemen, you are too well acquainted with the just value of things, to recompence at a rate so high, such low Productions as mine, and to offer me voluntarily upon so slight a foundation, an Honour, which the knowledge of my want of Merit, has discouragid me still from demanding.

What can be the reason then, which in my behalf has so happily influenc'd you upon this occasion? I begin to make some discovery of it, and I dare engage that I shall not make you blush in exposing it. The goodness which the greatest Prince in the World has shown in employing me, together with one of the first of your illustrious Writers, to make one Collection of the infinite number of his Immortal Actions; the permission which he has given me to do this, has supply'd all my defects with you.

Yes,

Yes, Gentlemen, what ever juſt reaſons ought to have excluded me for ever from your Academy; you believed that you could not with juſtice ſuffer, that a man who is deſtin'd to ſpeak of ſuch mighty things, ſhould be depriv'd of the utility of your Leſſons, or inſtructed in any other School than in yours. And by this, you have clearly ſhown, that when it is to ſerve your Auguſt Protector; whatever conſideration might otherwiſe reſtrain you, your Zeal will not ſuffer you to caſt your eyes upon any thing but the intereſt of your Maſter's Glory.

Yet ſuffer me, Gentlemen, to undeceive you, if you believe that that great Prince, at the time when he granted that favour to me, believ'd that he ſhould meet within me a Writer, who was able to ſuſtain in the leaſt, by the Beauty of Style, or by the magnificent Pomp of Expreſſion, the Grandeur of his Exploits. No, Gentlemen, it belongs to you, and to Pens like yours, to ſhew the World ſuch Maſter-pieces; and he never conceiv'd ſo advantageous a

thought

thought of me. But as every thing that he has done in his Reign is Wonderful, is Prodigious, he did not think it would be amiſs that in the midſt of ſo many renown'd Writers, who with emulation deſcribe his Actions in all their Splendour, and with all the Ornaments of the ſublimeſt Eloquence; a man without artifice, and accus'd rather of too much ſincerity than of flattery, ſhould contribute by his labour and by his advice, to ſet to ſhow in a proper light, and in all the ſimplicity of the moſt natural Style; the truth of thoſe Actions, which being of themſelves ſo little probable, have rather need to be faithfully related, than to be ſtrongly exaggerated.

And indeed, Gentlemen, when Poets and Orators, and Hiſtorians who are ſometimes as daring as Poets or Orators, ſhall come to diſplay upon ſo happy a Subject, all the bold ſtrokes of their Art, all their force of Expreſſion; when they ſhall ſay of *Lewis* the Great, more juſtly than was ſaid of a famous Captain of old, that he alone

alone has atchiev'd more Exploit sthan other Princes have read; that he alone has taken more Towns, than other Monarchs have wish'd to take: When they shall assure us, that there is no Potentate upon the face of the Earth, no not the most Ambitious, who in the secret prayers that he puts up to Heaven, dares presume to Petition for so much Glory, for so much Prosperity as Heavenhas freely grated this Prince: When they shall write that his Conduct is Mistress of Events; That Fortune dares not contradict his designs: When they shall paint him at the Head of his Armies, marching with Gigantick Strides, over great Rivers and highest Mountains; thund'ring down Ramparts, rending hard Rocks, and tearing into ten thousand pieces every thing that resists his impetuous Shock: These expressions will doubtless appear great, rich, noble, adapted to the lofty Subject; but at the same time that the World shall wonder at them, it will not think it self oblig'd to believe them, and the Truth may be easily disown'd or mistaken,

under

under the disguise of it pompous ornaments.

But, when Writers without artifice, and who are contented faithfully to relate things; and with all the simplicity of Witnesses who depose, rather than of Historians, who make a Narration, shall rightly set forth, all that has pass'd in *France*, ever since the famous Peace of the *Pyrenees*; all that the King has done in his Dominions, to re-establish Order, Discipline, Law: when they shall reckon up all the Provinces which he has added to his Kingdoms in succeeding Wars, all the Advantages, all the Victories which he has gain'd of his Enemies; *Holland*, *Germany*, *Spain*; all *Europe* too feeble all against him alone, a War that has been always fruitful in prosperity, and a more glorious Peace. When Pens that are sincere, I say, and a great deal more careful to write the Truth, than to make others admire them, shall rightly articulate all these Actions, dispos'd in their order of time, and attended with their real circumstances; who is it

that

that can then diſſent from them, I do not ſay of our Neighbours, I do not ſay of our Allies; I ſay of our mortal Enemies? And tho' they ſhou'd be unwilling to acknowledge the truth of them, will not their diminiſh'd Forces, their States confin'd within ſtricter Bounds, their complaints, their jealouſies, their furies, their very invectives in ſpight of themſelves convince them? Can they deny that in the very year in which I am ſpeaking, this Prince being reſolv'd to conſtrain them all to accept of a Peace which he had offer'd them for the good of Chriſtendom; did all at once, and that at a time, when they had publiſh'd that he was intirely exhauſted of Men and Money: that he did then, I ſay, all at once in the Low Countries, cauſe to ſtart up as twere out of the ground two mighty Armies, each of them conſiſting of Forty Thouſand Men; and that he provided for them abundant ſubſiſtance there, notwithſtanding the ſcarcity of Forrage, and the exceſſive drought of the Seaſon? Can they deny that whilſt with one of

 theſe

theſe Armies, he caus'd his Lieutenants to Beſiege *Luxembourgh*, himſelf with the other, keeping as it were block'd all the Towns of *Brabant* and *Hainault*; That he did by this moſt admirable Conduct, or rather by a kind of Enchantment, like that of the Head ſo renown'd in the antient Fables, whoſe aſpect transform'd the beholders to Stones; render the *Spaniards* unmov'd ſpectators of the taking of that important place, in the which they had repos'd their utmoſt refuge. That by a no leſs admirable effect of the ſame prodigious Enchantment, that obſtinate Enemy to his Glory, that induſtrious contriver of Wars and Confederacies, who had labour'd ſo long to ſtir up all *Europe* againſt him, found himſelf, if I may uſe the expreſſion, diſabled and impotent, tyed up on every ſide, and reduc'd to the wretched vengeance of diſperſing Libels; of ſending forth Cries and Reproaches. Our very Enemies, give me leave to repeat it, can they deny all this? Muſt not they confeſs that at the time when theſe wonders were executing

ing in the Low Countries, our Fleet upon the *Mediteranean*, after having forc'd *Algiers* to be a Suppliant for Peace; Caus'd *Genoa* to feel, by an example that will be eternally dreadful, the just chastisement of its Insolence and of its Perfidiousness; burying under the ruines of Palaces and stately Houses that proud City, more easie to be Destroy'd than be Humbled? No, without doubt, our Enemies dare not give the lye to such known truths, especially when they shall see them writ with that simple and natural Air, & with that character of sinderity and probability, with which whatere my defects are, I do not absolutely despair to be able at least in part to supply the History.

But since this very simplicity, all enemy as it is to Ostentation and Pageantry, has yet its Art, its Method, its Beauties; from whence can I better derive that Art, and those Beauties, than from the source of all delicacies, this fam'd Academy, which has kept possession, for so many years, of all the Treasures, of all the Riches, of

our Tongue? These, Gentlemen, are the things which I am in hopes to find among you, this is what I come to study with you: this is what I come to learn of you. Happy, if by my assiduity in frequenting you, by my address in bringing you to speak of these matters, I can engage you to conceal nothing of all your most secret skill, from me. Your skill to render Nature decent and chast at the very time when she is most Alluring; and to make the Colours and Paint of Art, appear to be the genuine Beauties of Nature. Thrice happy! if by my respects and by my sincere submissions, I can perfectly convince you of the extream acknowledgement, which I shall make all my life time for the unexpected Honour you have done me.

FABLE.

The Fox *and the* Crow.

THE Crow ſat perch'd upon a Tree,
With Cheeſe in's Beak, and who but He?
Renard the wind of him had got,
And after he had ſmelt the Sot;
Thus he accoſts him, Noble Sir,
You do, or may I never ſtir,
Excell each two and four Legg'd Creature,
Both in Complexion and in Feature;
And ſure to ſuch a Shape as thine,
The Gods have giv'n a voice Divine.
Oh! could I hear that charming voice,
How ſhould I, Noble Sir, Rejoyce.
Thus like the Dog, that's ſly and pickled,
Renard the Crow cajol'd and tickled.
Behold the iſſue, whilſt the Crow,
That he his Charming Voice might ſhow,

Gave two or three obstreperous Caws,
His Cheese dropt into Renard Jaws.
Sir Crow, says Renard, ev'ry Flatterer
Uses his Cully for his Caterer.
This lessen, or I'm much deceiv'd
Deserves the Cheese; then be not griev'd.
The Crow, tho late, with shame and trouble,
Swore he'd no more be found a Bubble.

Moral

Moral.

GRoſs Flattery only can by Fools be born :
For it implies at once Deſign and Scorn.
Now tho ſelf-love as vain by praiſe is won,
Self-love contempt and injury muſt ſhun.
Well manag'd praiſe may ſtill expect ſucceſs ;
Praiſe ſhows eſteem, when er'e it ſhows addreſs.
But only Fools groſs flattery can brook,
They love the bait, and can't ſuſpect the Hook.
Renard knew whom he prais'd, when he made choice,
Of that egregious Topick of his Voice.
To ape the Fox our Paraſites think fit,
To blind their fools, ſtill more they praiſe their Wit.

FABLE.

The Wolf *and the* Horſe.

ISgrim had all the Winter far'd
So very ill, his looks Men ſear'd.
He had (poor Dog!) got an evil habit,
Of going to Bed with the Devil a bit;
So that he had contracted a meen,
Which truly repreſented Famine.
A filthy Figure, rude and gruff,
As hungry Bullies who lye rough.
Whilſt free from Pinching and from Danger,
The Cattle lay at Rack and Manger.
When Winter quarters they forſook,
And to Encamp, the Field they took;
Hight Iſgrim ſpy'd a ſleek plump Steed,
Who with that appetite did feed,
One would have ſworn, that his freſh Sallad
Was not diſtaſtful to his Palate.

At

At ſight of Steed that's one huge bit of Fat,
Hight Iſgrim's heart for joy went pit a pat.
Ah Rogue! have I found thee? how happy
Would Iſgrim be, if he could but nab thee?
But I had rather now by half,
Thou wert a Mutton or a Calf.
Then could I truſs thee up as readily,
As I could after eat thee greedily.
But thou art ſuch a damn'd great Beaſt,
That I muſt plot before I feaſt.
Come let us plot then, pray why not?
Sure duller Dogs than I can plot.
Then Iſgrim puts on Phyz of Gravity,
Phyz, that agrees with deeds of pravity;
As does with Satan Phyz of Hag.
Then Iſgrim thus accoſts the Nag:
Your Servant, Sir, may, pleaſe your Worſhip,
To let me inform you, that my Curſhip

Is, tho I ſay'ſ, a Beaſt of Parts,
And right well skill'd in medicinal arts.
A Doctor who was ne'r yet gravell'd,
Who, for experience long has travel'd.
Who has had the luck to have confuted
All thoſe with whom he e're diſputed,
I've had the honour to preſcribe,
Long to your Worſhips noble tribe.
And ſeveral worthy generous Horſes,
Are now by my advice in Courſes,
Of which each honourable Palfrey
Is from his ailings more than half free.
I ſpeak to your Worſhip in this faſhion,
Becauſe I've of your Caſe compaſſion.
For ſays our Art, to ſee a Steed,
Thus foully like your Worſhip feed,
Betokens great indiſpoſition,
And calls for a ſevere Phyſician,

Now

Now if you will but only pleaſe
To open to me your Diſeaſe;
I Doctor Iſgrim without failing,
Will gratis cure your Worſhip's ailing.
Palfrey gave Iſgrim ſuch a croſs leer,
As Horſe at's Oats does roguiſh Oſtler.
Doctor, I have, as you will find;
An Ulcer in my Foot behind,
And offer here the part affected,
To be by your Doctorſhip inſpected.
Then Palfrey, with his lifted Foot,
Whilſt Iſgrim was approaching to't,
With roguiſh treacherous intention,
Wiſely thought fit to uſe prevention:
And had at's ugly Face a fling,
Which Teeth from Jobbernoul did ding,
Made his Eyes ſtare, and his Ears ſing.
Then to the bloody mangled Elf,
Phyz, ſays the Horſe, go cure thy ſelf.

In troth,

Introth, ſays Iſgrim, wondrous ſad,
What thou haſt e'en deſerv'd thou haſt had.
You muſt go act the Doctor, Booby!
Yes you! incorrigible Looby!
You muſt go ſet up for a Leech!
Tho by thy actions and thy ſpeech,
The verieſt Sots may ſee with ſcorn,
That thou art Butcher bred and born,

Moral

MORAL.

TO force thy Genius is a thing,
Will scorn and mischif on thee bring.
For affectation, Ape of Nature,
Is soon found out, and then all hate her.
Wh'as soon as seen no more escapes
Being laugh'd at, than your true Apes.
Who to surrounding Mob rehearse,
By looks and gestures a dumb Farce.
Of all affected Fools, the Grave
A long preheminence must have.
No folly ere can theirs surpass,
For since gravity in an Ass,
In whom 'tis natural's so ridiculous,
How must the affected grave beast tickle us?

The

The place for which thou art unfit,
Thou wilt decline if thou hast wit.
To which if it should threaten danger,
Take still more care to prove a Stranger.
For if in such you'l needs be doing,
Twill prove your Plague, if not your Ruine.
You can't keep long in such a Station,
Without the help of affectation;
And affectation in this case,
Has something worse than its Grimace;
Betrays your blind side to your Foes,
And lays you open to their Blows.
As in a Stream if you plunge him,
Who paddles and but half can Swim,
He strait must in it or be lost, or
With many an unnat'ral posture,
With many a flounce and many a strain,
Himself on th' adverse Flood sustain:
And if he's there attack'd by Foe,
At last must to the bottom go.

(*For no Expedient can he try,*
Being neither free to fight nor fly).
So one in place to which his Talent,
Compar'd is not found equivalent;
T'uphold himself in a wrong station,
Must use eternal affectation.
Must be by all Spectators seen,
With a false Face and a forc'd Mien.
By violence done to himself so harrass'd,
So plagu'd, so pester'd, so embarrass'd;
His puzzled mind ne'r finds Vacation,
To look before for Preservation;
Too clogg'd for dextrous quick evasion,
On any suddain nice occasion.
Can such a one himself defend
From deadliest Enemy, false Friend;
The Villain with a smiling Face,
Who stabs and damns with an Embrace?
No, as the Body, so the Mind
Can't on its guard be when confin'd

Isgrim

Isgrim might have been quick enouff,
To have escap'd the Steed's Rebuff:
If the grave Doctor had not been
Too careful to maintain his meen;
And too much taken up to heed
The motion or design of Steed.
For all who with dissembled meen,
Fain what they are, not would be seen;
Possessing but the Forms alone,
And not the Powers of Gifts they own;
Have for that reason Forms affected,
The more, to pass the less suspected.
(And therefore Hypocritick Wight
Seems more devout than the Upright),
And when their thick and gross disguise
Has serv'd to hoodwink their own Eyes:
Like Children when themselves they blind,
They' have thought no others could them find.
Tho their proceeding works effect
Contrary oft to what they expect:

As

As is apparent by our Fable:
For Iſgrim neither Learn'd nor able,
Imagin'd he might fine for Senſe,
Out of his ſtock of Impudence,
And poſitive grave Impertinence.
And thought t'enjoy a Bliſs that's double,
The priviledge on't, without the trouble.
But he o'reacted ſo his part,
That he got nothing by't, but ſmart.
Which ſhew'd him a confounded Sott,
When he imagin'd he could Plot;
Becauſe he could a Mutton ſegue:
They're Brains, not Teeth that ſerve t'intregue.
And there's requir'd much more skill in,
A ſpeculative than practick Villain.

Beware by him, and meddle not,
If thou'rt no Stateſman, with a Plot.

Plots, which are dangerous edge Tools,
Have always Fatal been to Fools;
Who after all the Snares they have laid,
Have only found themselves betray'd.
And most inextricably hamper'd,
Unless they've seasonably scamper'd.
As you perhaps have seen a Thrush,
Fluttering tangled in a Bush,
To which it has been glew'd and clung,
By birdlime made of its own Dung.
So Treason ill-contriv'd and dull,
The very Excrement of Skull,
Lays by the Heels its plotting Gull.

The Devil ow'd Tegue, without all question,
A spight when Tegue by Devil's suggestion,
Set up for Souldiering and Plotting,
Whose only Talent was Bog-trotting.

What

What was th' event? at every Battle,
We took whole thousands meer white Cattle,
And more were mawl'd in one year i'th' Field,
Than other Beasts, in three in Smithfield.
One who was only drub'd ith' Fray,
Like Isgrim howling ran a way,
And as he ran was heard to say;
Dear Joy, thou hast both Killing scap'd and (Hanging,
And by my shoul, Joy, thou'st deserv'd thy Banging.

To Mr. E. H. Physician and Poet.

H— the delight of *Phœbus*, who imparts
To thee his Darling, both his sacred Arts,
His healing Virtue, and his Heavenly flame,
His power to give long Life, and endless Fame
To a frail Body and an empty name:
With constancy thy course of Glory run,
Follow the leading God, as thou'st begun:
Rise by vast *Science* and judicious rage,
Like him t' enlighten and to warm our Age.
At once his Favorite and his Rival be,
'Tis he his *Daphne* comes to share with thee,
Till all his powers on thee conferr'd w'admire,
His vital influence and eternal Fire;
That Fire tho fierce, impetuous, never strays,
But circling in sublime refulgent ways,
By its just course spreads o're the World its Rays.

To

To a Young Gentleman, who was blam'd for marrying Young.

CEnsur'd for being Happy made too Young!
'Tis by a foolish or an envious Tongue.
'Tis to be happy to be early joyn'd
To a lov'd Nymph as charming as she's kind.
Can Heaven it self bestow a greater Blessing,
Than early mutual love, and long possessing?
Tell those who blame thee that till Thirty they
The noon of Life, for Love's chief meal may stay.
So plagu'd by pinching hungery formal fools
Stay for a Clock, and are enslav'd to Rules.
Most to fall to that usual season wait;
The Beasts, when half life's journey's over, bait.
But tyr'd by the bad way, and ill at ease,
What they in misery taste, but half can please.
He who at once is fresh, sharp set and gay,
With perfect pleasure does about him lay.

Upon the same Subject, in imitation of Anacreon's *Manner.*

AS young *Sylvander* did one day
Wantonly with *Celia* play;
The Boy, call'd Love, a third to make,
Did his Bow and Quiver take.
His Bow with golden Wire he strings,
And with Feathers from his Wings;
Imping a never failing Dart,
Strikes at once, with wondrous art,
Celia's and *Sylvander's* heart.
The Dart in both their Breasts remain'd,
Down they fell together Chain'd.
Love clap'd his purple Wings for joy,
'Tis by *Styx*, like me a Boy!
Joyn'd to a Nymph Young, Lovely, Kind;
Look how by my Dart they're joyn'd!

The

The golden bearded Dart, to wreſt
  Out from either Lovers breaſt,
Both Gods and Men ſhall ſtrive in vain;
  They ſhall ne'r be two again.
For ſee how riveted they lye!
  How they Bleed, and how they Dye!
  As my *Pſyche* does and I.
I, tho a God, with her expire,
  And reviving Death deſire.
Again I dye, by death more bleſt,
  Than by Heaven before poſſeſs'd,
I would not be immortal I,
  But for ever thus to dye.

Advice to Women, againſt Female Pride.

I.

THE Gods becauſe they're good, we' invoke
With their own gifts their Altars ſmoak;
'Tis not the pain and ſmart we feel
Which makes their ſuppliant Creatures kneel;
'Tis not their Arbitrary ſway
Makes us implore what we obey.
For were I ſure that what I want,
They would not hear, or would not grant,
No not to them I would not pray.

II.

Much leſs to you, whom to beguile,
We Goddeſſes or Angels ſtyle;
Whom to Debauch Divine we call,
And make you proud, to make you fall.
Titles which we on you beſtow,
Our own Deſpotick power may ſhow.

The

The very names that make you vain,
Prove your subjection and our reign;
For 'tis from Kings that Honours flow.

III.

Your glory upon us depends,
Begun by us, by us it ends.
Woman by nature's law's a slave,
Man may resume what e're he gave.
Your power, to which our wills give date,
We can confound who could create.
Hear this, and laugh at your own Pride,
Which all but easie Fops deride;
Be humble, if you would be Great.

Upon

Upon a Ladys Picture.

AFter each skilful touch, and ev'ry Grace,
The genuine form excells the painted Face.
What wondrous Artiſt e're could draw ſo well,
As charming Nature, where ſhe ſtrives t' excell?
Heaven's work, before the Painter's we prefer,
Since it deſign'd its Maſter-piece in her.
God, whoſe reſemblance in each Face we view,
Ne'er his own Picture more exactly drew.

To

To a Painter Drawing a Lady's Picture.

HE who Great *Joves* Artillery ap'd ſo well,
By real Thunder and true Lightning fell:
How then dar'ſt thou with equal danger try,
To Counterfeit the lightning of her Eye?
Painter, deſiſt, or ſoon the event may prove,
That Love's as jealous of his Arms as *Jove*.

THE

FABLE.

The Lyon *and the* Ass *a Hunting.*

THE *Lyon* would a Hunting go,
His Game Wild Bore, Stag, Buck and (Doe
For his Assistant he made choice
Of th' Ass, who had a *Stentor's* voice.
Oft sillies Creatures make most noise.
Hid under boughs, he made him lye,
And then commanded him to cry.
The Ass thus bid, began to Thunder,
And struck the Beasts with fear and Wonder.
The Tempest of his Voice to shun,
Upon the Lyon's Toils they run.
After that Prey enough was taken,
Says the Ass, his Ambuscade forsaking,

What

What feats have I perform'd to day?
Have not I here done Wonders pray?
I marry didſt thou bravely bray.
Had I not known thy Self and Kindred,
Ev'n I my ſelf ſhould have been in dread.
This to the Aſs was no way pleaſing;
Altho' he rallied was with Reaſon.
For what a Dev'l! an Aſs turn Bully!
That is not fair, tho, frequent truly.

Moral

Moral.

I.

NEre boast thy self, of thy own Merit,
For those who hear thee cannot bear it;
Besides, it shows a little spirit.

II.

To Praise to which you may aspire,
If you deserve it, you are nigher,
The less you show your fond desire.

III.

But if a Man deserves it not,
The Fame that is by vanity got,
Is that of a vain-glorious Sot.

IV.

IV.

Then we your known defects of mind,
Which t'excuse before we inclin'd,
Expose and new ones strive to find.

V.

Thus whilst with vanity you take aim,
Recoiling, it to slight puts same,
You hurt your self, and miss your Game.

RE-

Some Moral Reflections concerning Vanity, Written upon the occasion of Burlesquing the Fable of the Ass *and the* Lyon.

THO vanity in all we do not see,
Yet a Vice 'tis from which no mortal's free.
For Heaven with soveraign Wisdom did ordain,
The thing it made so wretched, should be vain.
The happiest has of misery such a share,
As without Vanity he could not bear.
But that into content our minds can cheat,
Pleas'd to be wretched, whilst they dream they're (great.
~~Virtue to that, and Learning too we owe,~~
For from our Pride our goodliest actions flow,
And all that curious searching minds can know.
~~For~~ when we watch the live-long night to pore,
And tedious Volumes are content t' exp'ore:

'Tis

'Tis not to know our duty and do well,
Tis with aſpiring thoughts and hope to excell.
By Vanity we know our ſelves; who'd dare
To look within, if Vanity were not there?
For all the reſt ſo gloomy is and ſad,
The ghaſtly ſight would make the wiſeſt mad.
But Vanity makes gay the ghaſtly ſight,
(As *Cynthia* guilds the dusky face of Night,)
By its falſe light, a man his faults o'reſees,
Or it ſuch Colours gives them that they pleaſe.
Since we're oblig'd to't then, and to't ally'd,
Why do we hate it ſtill, and ſtill deride?
Indeed we hate it, when 'tis ſeen abroad;
At home 'tis conſtantly careſs'd and claw'd.
The Vanity which is by others ſhown,
We therefore hate, becauſe it ſhocks our own;
We would be upper-moſt, which they who boaſt,
Seem not t' allow; themſelves eſteeming moſt.

To Sift them then, we're angrily inclin'd
To weigh their Virtues, and their faults to find:
Whilst all our Pride grows furious in our mind,
Which till their faults are shown, is ne're appeas'd;
But fancying we're above them then, we're eas'd.
Therefore the Wise, who would their Faults conceal,
Never themselves their Merit will reveal.
Praise, tho their due, they never care to claim,
But by their Modesty advance their Fame.
Praise claim'd our vanity will not pay, they know,
Which of it self profusely 'twill bestow.
For when we celebrate anothers praise,
'Tis not his Glory, but our own to raise,
Provok'd and push'd t't by an itching lust,
To show how Sensible and Just.
Great Wits extreamly vain are sometimes found;
They with fermenting Choler much abound:
Thransported by whose rage they can't controul
Th' impetuous saillies of th' aspiring Soul.

For

For they must own, who most admire great Wits,
Tho still ingenious, they're but wise by fits.
Ev'n them when vain, as Fools, we must despise;
As we count Fools, as far as modest, wise.
But Fools ne're modest are but by Complexion,
They're vain and noisie Rogues still by Election;
For modesty by choice implies profound reflection.
Nature, who acts by admirable rules;
Wisdom with vanity supplies in Fools.
As she the Wise, (who mad with pride would grow,
Could they know others and themselves not know.)
By self-reflection humble keeps and low.
So she those Fools who nothing know, and Bliss
Owe only to their ignorance of this.
Those Fools, who if they could their inside spy,
At the sad view, would strait despair and dye;
Those she to make them drag dull Life can cheat,
By monstrous vanity into self-conceit.

As empty Bodies most are puff'd with wind;
So vanity most swells an empty Mind.
From a Fools inside breaks with filthy sound,
And does their Senses who are near him wound.
Vain Rogues are pleas'd with vile noise they make
As Brutal Sots brag of the wind they break.
Fools like the Ass, first frightfully are loud,
Then of that very noise the Beasts are proud.
He sat at Council boasts himself most able,
Who loudest blasts discharges at the Table.

FA-

FABLE.

The Wolf *and the* Crane.

A *Wolf* once eating at a Club,
To eat his Brethren out did sup
Something too greedily on Mutton,
(*Wolf's* soon convertible to Glutton);
Yet tho he made enormous hast,
He was resolv'd to make no wast,
A Bone which in his Throat did stray,
Took up its lodging by the way.
The *Crane's* arrival was opportune,
Order'd for *Isgrim's* good by fortune.
Who is a friend to Fools, and so
To Rogues she can't be term'd a foe.
Isgrim, no better was than such,
Or Chronicle has wrong'd him much.

And now he to the *Crane* makes signs,
And to assist him she inclines.
Now th' Operatrix falls to work,
And pulls the Bone out with a Jerk.
When *Ignis* saw the Feat was done,
Neighbour, says he, I must begon.
Sir, says the *Crane*, before we're parted,
I'd for my labour be rewarded.
Rewarded, sayst thou, for thy labour?
Hey day! why sure you mock me, Neighbour.
When in my Jaws I had thy slim Gullet,
By special grace thou out didst pull it.
And yet forsooth, before we're parted,
You'd for your labour be rewarded.
Go, Gossip, you're impertinent;
And, let me tell you, impudent.
Go, I hate such ungrateful wretches,
'Slife! come no more within my Clutches.

MORAL.

MORAL.

I.

HE who takes care t'oblige th'ungrateful, when
After much time and pains he's found a Bubble;
Bilk'd in his hopes, mistaken in his men,
Will be to shame abandon'd and to trouble.

II.

For we from Pride, or Love, or Interest see,
That bounteous actions generally spring,
And disappointment to either of these three,
Rage, Discontent, or red hot Shame must bring.

III.

The brave mans bounties almost always flow,
From generous pride of doing good to Merit.
Such a one's highly then concern'd to know
The worthy from the base ungrateful spirit.

IV.

For moderate benefits, this Rule may serve,
If one's oblig'd, whose Sense and Judgment's good;
From Gratitude he'l ne're be seen to swerve:
Gratitude's Interest, rightly understood.

V.

But if you would oblige to that degree,
That the oblig'd must make his fortune by't.
For something in him besides Judgment see,
Since t'will not be his interest to requite.

VI.

He will not probably ungrateful be,
Whose actions still have Faithful been and Just.
Who never unprovok'd did injury,
And never tho provok'd betray'd his Trust.

VII.

Favours receiv'd are debts, and bounteous acts,
Tho Bumble-case no Bond or Judgment draws;
Oblige us more to pay when time exacts,
By frankly leaving us to Honour's Laws.

VIII.

Then twice th' ungrateful in one act offends,
His falshood and Injustice toodisplays:
Kind Benefactors basely wrongs and Friends,
And the most free and generous Trust betrays.

Upon the Fleet then sitting out. Written in 1682.

NOW floating Tow'rs the Royal Docks (prepare,
To scowre the Main, as Tempests purge the Air.
Not Winds drive Seas with more impetuous rage,
Nor Seas beat Shores, than they their Foes engage.
Those bold bad men they by their Thunder scare,
Who Heav'ns dire Thunderbolts blaspheming dare.
For Heav'n (they cry) at Land or in the Deep,
Does good and bad without distinction sweep.
Jove for diversion Bolts at random throws,
Or else his rage misguides his erring blows:
And his own sacred Oak that Thunder rends,
Which to transfix some impious breast, he sends.

His

His gods the *Syracusian* Tyrant spoil'd,
Yet sailing safe their impotence revil'd.
Æneas in the same *Sicilian Seas*,
(His piety the rigid'st pow'rs might please)
Saw his Ships lost, and his brave men expire;
Sunk by those Gods they sav'd from *Grecian* Fire.
But in Great *Britains* formidable Fleet,
Justice and Rage, those contradictions, meet.
Tempests oft sweep the Just, the Just that always (spares,
And always scourges us, whom angry Heaven for- (bears.

THE

The Prosopœia of Ostend.

I.

SEE the small Stage of a great War,
On which famed Generals fight;
Whilst wondring Nations from a far
Gaze on the Tragick sight.

II.

Like *Hydra's* Heads my Bastions rise,
Their fall augments their State:
Their re-ascending Tow'rs despise
The Impotence of Fate.

III.

The Winters most inclement Sky,
On the bleak beach I bear,
Whilst jarring Winds the War supply,
In their vast Field the Air.

IV. *Phebus*

IV.

Phœbus returning warms my Shore,
And with the Plague annoys:
That God of Physick poysons more,
Than murdring War destroys.

V.

War, Famine, Plague, together go,
To slay one wretch conspire;
Just as the fatal three below,
Each others help require.

VI.

Here in a heap come all the ills,
That shorten human breath.
And 'tis an envied fate that kills
But by a single Death.

VII.

Nor are my Sons consum'd alone:
Ev'ry killing trouble,
With which the Enemy makes him groan,
He himself feels double.

VIII. Th'

VIII.

Th' impartial Plague sweeps either side,
One Monument I'm grown;
Then destiny, if thou canst, decide,
Who shall call it his own.

IX.

Expiring men for Victory strain,
And like *Bellona* rave;
When all the Conqueror can gain,
Is but the vainer Grave.

Fable.

FABLE.

Of the Cock *and the* Fox.

A Cock ſtood Sentry on a Tree,
A ſhrowd experienc'd creature He,
A damn'd arch Bird, as one ſhall ſee.
Him *Renard* in his rounds eſpy'd,
And near he drew, and thus he cry'd,
Why how now, Coz! do'ſt hear the News?
There's now an univerſal Truce;
Which muſt be follow'd by a Peace,
War amongſt Animals muſt ceaſe.
Come down, and let me hug thee, Dear Rogue.
Thought Chanticleer, thou art a meer Rogue,
A damn'd falſe Dog as e're told lye,
Ile ſhew thee a Dog trick by and by.
Friend *Renard*, this is glorious News,
Who could have hop'd for ſuch a Truce.

And

And yet I doubt not but it's true,
For look you hitherwards, come two
Tall hide-bound Curs, who doubtless bring
Expresses to confirm the thing.
The first with meager mien and Phys-grim,
Is he who in single fight slew *Isgrim*:
The other's he with whom thy Sire
Did in a close embrace expire.
Full stretch along the plain they scower,
And in a minute of an hour,
Will tell us how th' affair has pass-d.
Ah! Plague and Pox upon their hast;
Cryes *Renard*, who ran scampering thence,
So scar'd h-has ne're left stinking since.
Thus was the wily Beast defeated:
'Tis just the Cheater should be cheated.

FABLE.

MORAL.

THere's no Man more obnoxious to deceit,
Than an experienc'd, and successful Cheat;
For he presuming on his own address,
Draws deep Security from long Success.
He's oft too vain, another to suspect,
Now Caution of suspicion is th' Effect,
And only Caution can from Fraud protect.
Those Sharpers who by cheating throve so fast,
They thought t'have topp'd upon the World at last;
Did on the sudden one Tarpawlin meet,
Who gull'd them of their Gold and of their Fleet.

FABLE.

Of the Dunghill Cock.

A Cock by scraping in a Dungle,
Rak'd up by chance a huge Carbuncle.
To the next Jeweller he met,
Take it says he, thou canst it set:
The Stone they say is true and fine,
Yet for two Barly Corns 'tis thine;
For to what end should it be mine?
A learned Manuscript was once,
By Testament bequeath'd t'a Dunce;
Who to convert it as was fitting,
Strait trudg'd with it to *Little-Britain*.
Says he t'a Bookseller, pray look,
I've brought to sell thee here a Book.
They say 'tis Learned, very Learned;
But how a plague am I concerned?
Friend, I am one of those damn'd Blockheads,
Who had rather see the Cole in's Pockets.

MORAL.

MORAL.

THis Cock we may imagine to be,
Some scraping or some sensual Booby.
Moiling to satisfie in vain,
His Gut, or his desire of gain.
By th' precious Stone may be meant Wit,
Which often is compar'd to it.
For what comparison can be fitter?
They're solid both, and they both glitter:
And when they both are true and fine,
Eternally they last and shine.
They're both of mighty value too,
Altho their worth be known to few.

And they who know them not, contemn
Both equally the Wit and Gem.
And when they find them strait forsake 'um,
For something that's more apt to take 'um.
When I have been at a new Play,
Well worth attention the first day;

Some Fopps with loud insipid raillery,
Have talk'd to Drabs in the first Gallery.
These Fopps now seem'd to me to say,
Why should we Blockheads mind the Play,
Our Talents lye another way?
May not these Beasts now be averr'd
To be more awkward than the Bird,
That its discovery did contemn,
Yet gave a Jeweller the Gem.
But those Brutes acted by the Play,
Just as the Dog did by the Hay.

Fable.

FABLE.

Of the Wolf *and the* Fox.

A Fox in a deep Well, one Night
Spy'd the full Moon, the goodly Sight
Whey-colour'd, large and round, did appear,
A ſwinging Cheeſe, which made him caper;
He had a longing wild Diſtemper,
Frequent to perſons of his Temper.
By th' learn'd in medicinal Lore call'd Canine
Appetite, by the Mob call'd Famine.
The two large Buckets which were there,
Like *Pollux* and like *Caſtor* were.
How ſo pray? For 'tis deviliſh odd,
To liken a Bucket to a God;
When one came up from towards the Center,
That in our upper world ſtrait went there.
Theſe drew by turns the liquid Element;
Into one got *Renard*, and towards Hell he went,

To taste of *Tantalus* his Feast:
Which finely Bob'd its gaping Guest.
Arriv'd he soon was undeceiv'd,
But frighted terribly and griev'd.
Bilk'd of the bait he thought was his'n,
And for his life he fear'd in prison.
Since *Renard* Fate in Dungeon cast,
She sentence on him seem'd t'have past.
He had no way to be repreiv'd,
Unless by a like Sot reliev'd,
Who hoping on his Cheese to feed,
Might in his place and pain succeed.
Two days and nights h'had been in Dungeon,
Water his Breakfast, Dinner, Nuncheon.
Now in this space old Time did knaw
From *Renard*'s Cheese with Iron Jaw,
A pritty handsome lusty Sliver.
When Sharper *Isgrim* does arrive there,
Who makes a shift with his small Sense,
To live at Country Squire's expence.

Now

Now him as ſoon as *Renard* ſpies,
What, Bully *Iſgrim* there he cryes!
In faith, dear Rogue, I'm glad to ſee thee;
How haſt thou far'd this long time, prethee?
Poorly? but ſet thy heart at reſt,
To night, thou e'en ſhalt be my Gueſt.
Doſt ſee this Cheeſe, which I've been munching,
Of which I've gobbled down this Lunching.
Odd! 'tis a rare one, a neat Jade,
Who ever was the Dairy-maid.
I have on purpoſe ſet thee a Tub,
In which thou mayſt come down and Sup;
Here's ſpecial Food and ſpecial Bub.
And thus for want of Senſe, was Bully
Iſgrim harangu'd to *Renard*'s Cully.
Down he goes ſwinging in the Bucket,
Which hoiſting *Renard*'s, up does pluck it.
He towards the top with merry Glee,
Mounting Sung, Hey Boys up goe we.

Juvenals *Eighth Satyre, Frag.*

HOW vain a thing's diſcent! How poor the (Fame
Of a deriv'd hereditary Name!
Or Rooms of State by proud *Patricians* hung,
With mighty Conqu'rors from whoſe Loins they (ſprung?
Where with the Pageantry of painted Pride,
Th' *Æmilians* in triumphant Chariots ride.
That ſuch prodigious Coxcombs ſhould be found,
As to be proud of Shadow and of Sound!
Deform'd, half, Headleſs Heroes to expoſe
In Statues rotten, and conſum'd as thoſe:
For what Advantage can at laſt be thine,
Tho' the wide Arms of thy extended Line
Renown'd old *Roman* Magiſtrates embrace,
If thy vile Life brands thy whole glorious Race?
If in thy brave Foreſathers awful ſight,
Their Off-ſpring drinks all Day, and plays all Night;
Then

Then at the Dawn lies down, at which they Arm'd,
To the dire Field by Glories Trump alarm'd.
Can *Fabius* value himſelf with any Face
On *Gallic* Trophies, and th' *Herculean* Race,
Fabius Rome's Scandal, and his Line's Diſgrace.
The vaineſt, lewdeſt Fop about the Town,
Heavy and ſoft as Slumbers on the Down,
Who by the Pumice-ſtone's prepoſterous Uſe,
His pathick Loins adapting for Abuſe,
Doe's all his ruſty Anceſtors traduce.
Till at the laſt his poys'ning Practice known,
Defiles their Statues and deſtroys his own,
By the juſt Laws for his high Crimes o'rethrown.
Tho' your entail'd ſwol'n Titles Volumes fill,
If you want Virtue you're but Rabble ſtill.
Paulus and *Coſſus* Names ſet high by Fate,
May bring ſome noiſie Pomp, ſome empty State,
But their rare Virtues make you truly Great.
Conſul, or private Man, let thoſe be ſhown,
Let thoſe before your very *Rods* be known.

If Noble to be thought by me y' aſpire,
Know 'tis a Noble Mind that I require.
If you're in Life unblam'd, in Practice juſt,
True to your Friend, and faithful to your Truſt,
To your high Birth immediately I vail,
Silanus or *Getulicus* all Hail!
Or from whatever *Stem* thou com'ſt beſide,
It's Glory and thy exulting Countries Pride,
With Rapture, *I have found thee*, ſtrait I cry,
Like the *Egyptians* when their God they ſpy.
Who calls him Great, whoſe Life his Race belyes,
And want of worth adulterate Blood deſcryes;
Who calls him Noble does it by Abuſe,
For wicked Ironies are much in uſe.
This let *Rubellius Plancus* ponder well,
Whom the brave *Druſi*'s lofty Line do's ſwell.
As if ſuch Virtues did in *Plancus* ſhine,
That (could he yet be got) thoſe Pow'rs Divine,
Might claim to be incorporate in *Rome*'s imperial
(Line:

As

As if ſuch *Things* could not in haſte be made
By ſome lewd Rogue, and ſome Suburbian Jade:
Had but his ſporting Mother known that *Thing*
Would from the pleaſure which ſhe toyl'd for (ſpring,
That very thought had damp'd her active Flame,
And of approaching Bliſs had bilk'd the panting (Dame.
Yet with diſdain this haughty blockhead eyes
Thoſe of a lower Rank, and thus he cryes:
" Baſe *Scoundrels*, you of *Rome* the Lees and *Scum*,
" To whom your Fathers Countries are unknown,
" As were your wretched Fathers to their own,
" Whilſt from Crown'd Heads and Demy-gods I (come.
Long may your Honour live, and, whilſt you live,
With joy t' your ſelf your topping Titles give.
Yet know amongſt theſe Scoundrels ſome have Senſe
Adorn'd with Wit and Manly Eloquence.

And

And if you with litigious Foes contend,
Amongst this Scum a Lord may want a Friend,
Who can your Sots of Quality defend.
Ev'n from the Lees of *Rome* brave Spirits rise,
Who, searching Glory, Death and Wounds despise;
Some to the *Rhine*, and tam'd *Bavarians* run,
Some to *Euphrates*, and the rising Sun:
Whilst thou contented with a borrow'd Fame,
Stick'st to thy Father's Statues, like the same,
A cold dull Mass, and a high sounding Name:
True; Freakish Action Life in *Plancus* proves,
Yet their rare shapes, tho' fix'd as stone behoves,
Express more Soul than thine, whose senseless Figure
(moves.

Lyons,

Lyons, *October* 15. 1688.

SIR,

I Do not queſtion but that you have for this month expected a Letter from me, and that perhaps with a little impatience: Since this is a time which may afford variety of News, of which who muſt not be now deſirous? But all the time I was at *Paris*, I had ſo much Sickneſs, that that might well ſuperſede any obligation I lay under. For let a promiſe be never ſo binding, and never ſo much a Debt; who could take care of paying ſo trifling a one, when a moſt ſevere and importunate Creditor, Nature, was calling for hers. Nor now when at length that excuſe is wanting to me, are you like to receive ſuch a Letter, as perhaps might be moſt welcome to you in this Conjuncture. For if I ſhould ſend you the truth in diſguiſe, perhaps you might not diſcover her. And is this a time to expoſe her naked to the World:

When

When her nakedneſs which is only the effect of her Innocence, by many would be miſtaken for Lewdneſs, and by more for Barbarity. I will then ſay nothing of the Affairs of *Europe* nor ours, tho I could find much to ſay of them both. For I now converſe with a People who are as full of Talk as they are Inquiſitive. But ſince I am taking my leave of that People, I will confine my Diſcourſe to them. But before I begin, I will uſe plain dealing with you, (a thing which they never did yet with any one) and tell you that I mortally hate them. Yet neither ſhall my Native nor acquir'd Antipathy ſuborn me to ſay any thing falſe of them. I will do like a Painter, who will draw the true reſemblance of the Face that is moſt provoking. But then I muſt give you this Caution, that what I have to ſay, tho it be true in ſome meaſure of all of them; yet it is chiefly to be confin'd to the middle ſort of the Nation. For beſides that I have moſt convers'd with them, as a Stranger muſt of neceſſity be ſuppos'd to do, the Genius of

of a Nation moſt plainly appears in the middle ſort of its People. For great Education, which attends high Birth, or high Fortune, very often improves or corrupts or ſophiſticates Nature, whilſt in thoſe of the middle State ſhe remains unmix'd and unalter'd. Theſe then I have found in the firſt place exceſſively vain. Every Man is here a *Narciſſus*, and in the flattering glaſs of his own falſe imagination is eternally gazing upon himſelf, or at leaſt upon what he takes for himſelf. For in this their errours are different, for as that melancholy Boy took himſelf for another, theſe merry Fools take ſomething elſe for themſelves. For nothing in Nature is more unlike than the Picture which a *Frenchman* draws of himſelf. It would be needleſs to inſiſt longer on this. For they have ſo long made ſport for their neighbouring Nations, by extravagant and abſurd commendations of their own, that to endeavour to bring proofs of their Vanity, would be ſomething

thing more ridiculous than that. Now this is certain, that he who abounds in Vanity can want no affectation. For affectation is nothing but a fruitleſs attempt to counterfeit and falſiſie Nature, when a Man impotently endeavours to appear what he really is not, or what he is incapable of being. Nature grows impatient, and ſtruggles to be freed from the conſtraint that is put upon her, and in the ſtrife there appear'd ſomething ſo odious that all who are lovers of her, cannot but hate that perſon who endeavours ſo rudely to force her. Now Nature in man is various. She is Gay in one, and Froward in another: She is Delicate in a third, in a fourth ſhe is Groſs; and there is not a Man in a Million whom Heaven made fit for all things: yet how many are there, alas! who by ſenſeleſs Self-love intoxicated, believe themſelves ſit for all things, and will be offering at all things. Now ſuch have been always, and will be always affected. And ſuch are the people with whom I have lately

lately convers'd; and I have more particularly remark'd in some of their Provincial Gentlemen, that in their endeavours to shew their admiration mingled with a gentle Passion, they are guilty of affectations so monstrous, that an *English Fop* is not capable of them. Another necessary effect of their vanity is their assurance, or in our Language, their Impudence. For modesty is nothing but the fear of displeasing, when a man believes or at least, suspects that he is defective; and it naturally includes in it a mistrust of our selves, and an esteem of others; which is the reason that renders it lovely to all, when ever it is joyn'd with good qualities. For it flatters and soothes our Self-love, of which no Man can wholly divest himself; by assuring us that we are esteem'd and preferr'd. Now how can any one have this fear of displeasing, who imagines himself all Perfection, and who swell'd with the

venom of Pride, like the Toad in the Fable, believes himſelf greater than thoſe with whoſe greatneſs he holds not the leaſt proportion. The *French* then are affected and impudent, which are but the neceſſary effects of that National Vice, their Vanity. But then have they one very good quality, which proceeds from the ſame vanity. And that is their extraordinary civility to Strangers. For they are civil to us, not for our ſatisfaction, but their own; not as they imagine it a duty, but an accompliſhment. 'Tis to pleaſe himſelf that a *Frenchman* is officious to me, and 'tis to honour himſelf that he bows to others. I am pretty confident that I am not deceiv'd here. For I have found by ſome obſervation, and ſome thinking, That there is little good Nature amongſt them, For they will deceive or betray you at the very ſame time they oblige you. Thus have I giv'n you an imperfect account of ſuch of their qualities,

as

as are moſt conſpicuous in them. There are ſome which lye more hidden. But I have ſaid enough to tire my Self and You.

I am, &c.

Turin, *Octob.* 25. 88.

I Have here sent you a Journal of my Journey from *Lyons* hither, in which you will find that account of the *Alpes*, which you so earnestly desired of me, before I came out of *England*. I have ~~taken no notice of the Towns in *Savoy*~~; nor so much as the Rock of *Montmelian*, but have confin'd my self to a Subject which you seem'd to affect so much.

On the nineteenth of *October*, we set out from *Lyons*, and came that night to *Kempellier*, thro a fair Plain, which was sometimes Arable, and sometimes Pasture, and bounded with Rows of Hills at that just distance, as gave tho not a large, an agreeable Prospect.

~~*Octob.*~~ 20. We came by Noon thro the same Plain, which grew to be sometimes a Marsh to a Bourg, call'd *Tour Du Pin*. From thence, after Dinner, we continued our way, thro whole Groves

Groves of Walnut and Chestnut Trees to *Pont Beauvoisin*, being the Bridge that separates *France* and *Savoy*.

Octob. 21. We entred into *Savoy* in the Morning, and past over Mount *Aiguebellette*. The ascent was the more easie, because it wound about the Mountain. But as soon as we had conquer'd one half of it, the unusual heighth in which we found our selves, the impending Rock that hung over us, the dreadful Depth of the Precipice, and the Torrent that roar'd at the bottom, gave us such a view as was altogether new and amazing. On the other side of that Torrent, was a Mountain that equall'd ours, about the distance of thirty Yards from us. Its craggy Clifts, which we half discern'd, thro the misty gloom of the Clouds that surrounded them, sometimes gave us a horrid Prospect. And sometimes its face appear'd Smooth and Beautiful as the most even and fruitful Vallies. So different from themselves were the different parts of it: In the very same place

Nature was seen Severe and Wanton. In the mean time we walk'd upon the very brink, in a litteral sense, of Destruction; one Stumble, and both Life and Carcass had been at once destroy'd. The sense of all this produc'd different motions in me, *viz.* a delightful Horrour, a terrible Joy, and at the same time, that I was infinitely, pleas'd I trembled.

From thence we went thro a pleasant Valley bounded with Mountains, whose high but yet verdant Tops seem'd at once to forbid and invite Men. After we had march'd for a League thro the Plain, we arriv'd at the place which they call *La Cave*; where the late Duke of *Savoy* in the Year Seventy, struck out a Passage thro a rocky Mountain that had always before been impassible: Performing that by the force of Gun-powder, which Thunder-bolts or Earthquakes could scarce have effected. This Passage is a quarter of an English Mile, made with incredible labour, and the expence of four Millions of Livers. At the Entrance into it is the following pompous Inscription. *Carolus*

Carolus Emanuel Secundus, Subaudiæ Dux, Pedemontani princeps, Cypri Rex, publicâ felicitate partâ, singulorum commodis intentus, breviorem, securioremque hanc viam regiam, a naturâ occlusam, Romanis intentatam, cæteris desperatam, eversis Scopulorum repagulis, æquatâ Montium iniquitate, quæ cervicibus impendebant præcipitia pedibus substernens, eternis populorum Commerciis patefecit.

At *Chambery* we din'd, the Capital Town of *Savoy*. In our way from thence to *Montmelian*, Nature seem'd quite to have chang'd her Face. There craggy Rocks look'd horrid to the Eye, and Hills appear'd on every side of so stupendous an heighth, that the Company was divided at a distance, whether they should believe them to be sunny Clouds, or the Snowy tops of Mountains. Here appear'd a Hill with its top quite hid in black Clouds, and beyond that Hill, & above those Clouds some higher Mountain show'd its hoary Head. With this strange entertainment by the way, we came that Night to *Montmelian*.

On the 22. we set forward in the morning. The Mountains appear'd to grow still more Lofty. We din'd that day at *Aiguebelle*. In the Afternoon we proceeded on our way, sometimes thro the Plain, and sometimes on the side of the *Alps*; with which we were hemm'd in on all sides. We then began that day to have the additional diversion, of a Torrent that ran sometimes with fury beneath us, and of the noise of the Cascades, or the down fall of Waters, which sometimes came tumbling a main from the Precipices. We lay that night at *La Chambre*.

On the 23. The morning was very cold, which made us have dismal apprehensions of Mount *Cenis*, since we felt its influence so severely at so great a distance. We arriv'd by Noon at St. *Michel*. In the Afternoon we continued our Journey mostly upon the sides of the Mountains, which were sometimes all cover'd with Pines, and sometimes cultivated, ev'n in places where one would swear the thing were impossible, for they were only not perpendicular. We lay that Night at *Modane*.

Oct.

Oct. 24. *Modane* is within a dozen Miles of Mount *Cenis*, and therefore the next morning we felt the Cold more severely. We went to Dinner at *Laneburgh*, situate at the foot of Mount *Cenis*.

As soon as we had din'd, we sent our Horses about, and getting up upon Mules began to ascend the Mountain. I could not forbear looking back now and then to contemplate the Town and the Vale beneath me. When I was arriv'd within a hundred Yards of the Top, I could still discern *Laneburgh* at the Bottom, distant Three tedious Miles from me. What an amazing distance? Think what an impression a place must make upon you, which you should see as far under you as 'tis from your House to *Hampstead*. And here I wish I had force to do right to this renown'd Passage of the *Alpes*. 'Tis an easie thing to describe *Rome* or *Naples* to you, because you have seen something your self that holds at least some resemblance with them; but impossible to set a Mountain before your eyes, that is inaccessible almost

moſt to the ſight, and wearies the very Eye to Climb it. For when I tell you that we were arriv'd within a hundred yards of the Top: I mean only the Plain, thro which we afterwards paſs'd, but there is another vaſt Mountain ſtill upon that. If theſe Hills were firſt made with the World, as has been a long time thought, and Nature deſign'd them only as a Mound to incloſe her Garden *Italy*: Then we may well ſay of her what ſome affirm of great Wits, that her, careleſs irregular and boldeſt Strokes are moſt admirable. For the *Alpes* are works which ſhe ſeems to have deſign'd, and executed too in Fury. Yet ſhe moves us leſs, where ſhe ſtudies to pleaſe us more. I am delighted, 'tis true at the proſpect of Hills and Valleys, of flowry Meads, and murmuring Streams, yet it is a delight that is conſiſtent with Reaſon, a delight that creates or improves Meditation. But tranſporting Pleaſures follow'd the ſight of the *Alpes*, and what unuſual tranſports think you were thoſe, that were mingled with horrours,

and

and sometimes almost with despair? But if these Mountains were not a Creation, but form'd by universal Destruction, when the Arch with a mighty flaw dissolv'd and fell into the vast Abyss (which surely is the best opinion) then are these Ruines of the old World the greatest wonders of the New. For they are not only vast, but horrid, hideous, ghastly Ruins. After we had gallop'd a League over the Plain, and came at last to descend, to descend thro the very Bowels as it were of the Mountain, for we seem'd to be enclos'd on all sides: What an astonishing Prospect was there? Ruins upon Ruins in monstrous Heaps, and Heaven and Earth confounded. The uncouth Rocks that were above us, Rocks that were void of all form, but what they had receiv'd from Ruine; the frightful view of the Precipices, and the foaming Waters that threw themselves headlong down them, made all such a Consort up for the Eye, as that sort of Musick does for the Ear, in which Horrour can be joyn'd with Harmony

mony. I am afraid you will think that I have said too much. Yet if you had but seen what I have done, you would surely think that I have said too little. However Hyperboles might easily here be forgiven. The *Alpes* appear to be Nature's extravagancies, and who should blush to be guilty of Extravagancies, in words that make mention of her's. But 'tis time to proceed. We descended in Chairs, the descent was four English Miles. We past thro *Novalese*, situate at the Foot of Mount *Cenis* on the side of *Italy*, and lay that Night at *Suse*. We din'd the next day at *Villane*, and thro a pleasant Valley came that Night to this place.

I am, &c.

Rome

Rome *Decemb.* 1. 1688.

TO perform the promise which I made you in my last, I venture to say something of the Ancient and Modern *Italians*, tho you do not consider that when you made that request to me, you put me upon a necessity of disobliging my Friend by a refusal, or exposing my self by treating of a Subject for which I am wholly unqualified. It is true, when I was at *Lyons* in compliance with your desire, I ventur'd to say something of the *French*. But besides that I had been longer in *France* than I have in *Italy*, the *French* lye so open, that a Man who will observe them, may as well venture to give their Character in a Months time, as he may in several years. For they who are excessively vain, take as much pains to show themselves, as a Stroler at a Fair does a Monster. 'Tis the constant business of their Lives to paint out their Virtues to you; nay, and their Defects which their Vanity mistakes for their Virtues. But the *Italians* are as reserv'd to Strangers as the *French* are open: and one would wonder how they who show much Flegm before they are very well acquainted, should be able afterwards, in so strange a manner, to animate Conversation. But to come to my business, 'tis wonderful you say, that the Modern *Italians* should appear so different from the Ancient, since they breath the same Air, and are nourish'd by the same Soil. For since the affinity

is ſo near betwixt the Soul and the Body, and they work ſo ſtrongly upon each other, you ſay it is but reaſonable to believe that the Climate which helps to give the Body its Complexion, ſhould help to give the Mind its Temper. Now ſince you have reaſon, you ſay, to ſuppoſe that the Climate of *Italy* is very near the ſame at this day, that it was two Thouſand Years agoe, you cannot but wonder that the Modern *Italians* ſhould appear ſo different from the Ancient. The *French* are the very ſame now that *Cæſar* deſcribed them formerly, excepting that they are grown a more poliſh'd ſort of Barbarians. The *Carthaginians* were fam'd for their Cruelty & their Perfidiouſneſs; and thoſe two Vices are at preſent, inſeparable from the Inhabitants of the Coaſts of *Barbary*. But the *Italians*, you ſay, are at preſent renown'd for ſeveral extraordinary Vices, which were utterly unknown to the Ancient *Romans*, to whoſe Virtues the Modern are utterly Strangers.

In anſwer to this, give me leave to tell you that you are miſtaken in part of your Aſſertion. For the Vices which are to be found at this day in *Italy*, were the Vices of the Ancient *Romans*. Their Empire ow'd its Riſe to the ſame Crimes which diſſolv'd it, and there were proportionably as many Villains in the *Rome* of *Romulus*, as there are in that of *Innocent* the Eleventh. Conſider the Factions of *Marius* and *Sylla*, and the two Triumvirats following, and you will find infinitely more examples of black Revenge than you can amongſt Modern *Italians*. What can be more bloody than

thoſe

those times? Or more treacherous and base than those of *Tiberius*? 'Tis true from the time of the first Consuls, to the end of the *Punick War*, there flourish'd a continual Race of Heroes, with whom if you compare the Modern *Italians*, they seem to be Men of quite different frames, and Inhabitants of a different part of the World. A capacity to practise those glittering Virtues which the World so much admires, depends very much upon force of mind, which depends in some sort on the Complexion, as that does in some sort on the Climate. But then is it certain that there is the very same force of mind requir'd to be prodigiously wicked, that is required to be heroically Virtuous. Weak people are but wicked by halves, but whenever we hear of high and enormous Crimes, we may conclude, that they proceed from a power of Soul and a reach of Thought, which are altogether extraordinary. So that the Modern *Italians*, who by your own confession are skill'd in all the ways of exquisite wickedness, come into the World with as much natural capacity to exert heroick Virtue, as ever the Ancient *Romans* did.

Force of Mind makes a Man capable of great Virtues, or of great Vices; but it determines him to neither. Education, Discipline and Accidents of Life constitute him either a great Philosopher, or an illustrious Libertine.

As strongest bodies cannot be secure from Infection in pestilential Seasons, so Minds that have most force are apt to be tainted by the Contagion of Epidemick Vices. The

The two most glittering Virtues that shin'd amongst the ancient *Romans*, were greatness of Mind and heroick Fortitude: 'Twas that greatness of Mind that made one of their Generals reject with disdain, the offer that was made him to poyson the most formidable Enemy to their State: whereas the modern *Italians* have at every turn recourse to Stilletto and Poyson, which are almost their only offensive Weapons.

Do but compare the happy and flourishing state of the old Commonwealth, with the wretched condition of the modern *Italians*, and you will soon find the reason why the *Romans* were Brave and Honourable Enemies; and why the *Italians* at present are base ones. For this is most certain, That no Man can safely offer violence to another without doing some to himself. From whence it follows that no Man will do it, unless in some measure he believes it necessary. No Man then will take a base revenge of another who believes that he can take an honourable one. No Man will ever have recourse to Treachery who is confident of prevailing by open force. Now great success most commonly infuses great Thoughts, and inspires a noble Presumption, which renders Men Brave and Magnanimous: whereas we frequently see that Men with their Fortunes and Liberties lose their very Spirits and Souls, according to the observation of the Cottick Poet. *Ut res nostræ sunt, ita nos magni atque humiles sumus.*

FINIS.